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This Week

Latin, Spanish, and Pan are the three kinds of Americanism now rampant in South America, and their respective appeals are to the cultural, the sentimental, and the economic instincts. But what the Roosevelt Memorial Association wants to know is where the red-blooded kind comes in.

* * *

It is quite a relief to hear Louis Araquistain blaming someone else besides the low-browed Yankee for the insidious propaganda in South America. He takes the side of the Spanish Americans against the Latinists and suggests an allied Spanish-American press to counteract the apostles of French culture.

* * *

A close personal friend of Gandhi's gives us a complete character-sketch of this remarkable leader. Mr. Andrews says that his hero is a combination of Saint Francis of Assisi and Savonarola, with an underlying streak of pure Eastern spirituality.

In case they are not already aware of it, our readers must be occasionally reassured that Romance is not yet dead. By way of proof, we submit Colonel Lawrence's story of a personally conducted massacre in Asia Minor.

* * *

Thirteen political parties, all of whose names no one person can remember, are conducting a furious campaign among the illiterate Ruthenians, the issue being whether or not certain letters shall be omitted from an alphabet which no one can read. Our own Presidential struggle has at last met its equal.

* * *

The publication in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of a supposed secret treaty between Czechoslovakia and France was such a shock to Vlastimil Tusar, Czech Ambassador to Germany, that he died. This article is a fiery and sincere denunciation of the 'treaty,' which is pronounced a shallow and preposterous forgery.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FREE IRELAND IN EVOLUTION

THE *Irish Statesman* laments the decline of political interest in the Free State. At a recent election in South Dublin less then 33,000 out of nearly 79,000 registered voters went to the polls. Its editor accounts for this indifference by the fact 'that candidates ask for election on abstract grounds, because they support the Free State or the Republic, and neither at present has a creative policy.'

The problems facing Ireland to-day are primarily economic. There is complaint of agricultural — and consequently commercial — depression. The Irish Labor Party recently adopted, by a vote of thirty-nine to thirty, a resolution in favor of a protective tariff upon imports competing with the products of Irish industries. Deputy Johnson, the leader of the Party, argued, for instance, that the Government should levy a duty of 10 per cent on imported flour. This might raise the price of bread, but by reducing imposts on tea and sugar the consumer's loss in one direction might be balanced by his gain in another.

It is doubtful, however, if a country so largely agricultural as Ireland will receive with favor a general scheme to protect local manufactures. Other measures for stimulating home industries are under consideration. The Government proposes to develop the hydroelectric resources of the Free State, beginning with the River Shannon. Two schemes for carrying out the latter project are under consideration: the first to make it a State enterprise, the second to enter into a contract with the Siemens-Schukert Company of Germany, which has already reported upon the practicability of the undertaking. In either case, it is understood that this firm is to be given a monopoly of supplying machinery and engineers for the enterprise, which is planned to develop 65,900 horse power.

Ireland's demobilization troubles have lost the Government two Ministers and a chief whip, and have added a new party to the Dáil. These recalcitrants promise to form the nucleus of a parliamentary opposition — the Constitutional Republicans — a development that is welcomed by farsighted

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Free-Staters. The leader, Mr. McGrath, believes in asserting his interpretation of Ireland's political status as a nation by constitutional means, and not by taking to the hills with a party of armed followers.

The *Irish Statesman*, which is a thoroughgoing supporter of the present Government, greets cheerfully this reenforcement of the Cabinet's critics in the legislature, as a wholesome check to arbitrary action. As an illustration of the latter it says: 'A vote of nearly £11,000,000 on account of the coming year was rushed through last week without either adequate notice or adequate explanation. No detailed estimates were furnished and the Dáil was asked to vote large sums of money completely in the dark. . . . One is reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the old plea of "the state of the country" is used to cloak dilatory and slovenly methods, and it is imperative that such an attitude should come to an end.'

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Dublin, finds many — to him sad — social changes in that revisited city. Naturally Dublin Castle and its British entourage have vanished, 'large numbers of moneyed Irish folk have left the country,' and many others, 'unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to new conditions, are living in virtual retirement.' As a result, the new Four Hundred is definitely bourgeois. The Government is lower middle class, 'to be compared with the Socialist Party in England, although, so far as politics are concerned, it is extremely Conservative.' The army is drawn from the peasantry and its officers are for the most part unpolished farm-lads. But the younger members of the officers' corps are accommodating themselves to a new social status and 'have begun to appear in dress circles of the theatres and at some of the more fashionable dances in the city.'

The craze for Gaelic shows signs of waning, especially since the admission of the Free State to the League of Nations has brought many leaders of the movement for Irish freedom into practical touch with diplomatic circles abroad.

In Dublin itself the social line between Free-Staters and Republicans appears to be vanishing. 'Dublin is becoming a city of diners-out, and at any of the better restaurants Free State officers may be seen of an evening sitting cheek by jowl with members of the Kildare Street Club and Southern Unionist business men.' This effacement of old lines of political cleavage is proceeding more slowly in the country, but is observable even there.

Athletics are bringing all parties together, and the ban on English games has been dropped. 'At the international Rugby match, in which France was beaten by an Irish team containing a majority of Ulster players, none of the spectators was more enthusiastic than the numerous wearers of the Free State's uniform.'

Prime Minister MacDonald, in his address at the Saint Patrick's Day banquet of the Four Provinces of Ireland Club in London, appealed to the political kinship among the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch as small peoples having many problems in common.

Ireland, even to those of us who spend far too much of our time in politics, is something more than a political problem. Ireland is a culture, a tradition; Ireland is glorious with influence in religion, in art, in poetry, in folk song.

Ireland is a special embodiment of the freedom of the human soul when it is engaged in worshiping something that is worthy. You and I both belong to a small people. The small peoples can live their own lives when large empires have to do their best to square up their own lives with other people's lives.

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The small peoples are free from the cares of the big world. They are free to cultivate and develop and express their own genius. I believe when we have finally established the conditions of peace, when security will be surely established, and not merely talked about and dreamed about, then, following their natural bent, and their natural instincts, every people with a tradition, every people with a sense of kinship, will naturally go back into the small communities, believing that variety is essential to the life of humanity.

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THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS

WHILE the Italian elections resulted in the expected victory of the Fascist ticket, the opposition was stronger than anticipated. Indeed, had Mussolini's opponents united on a single ballot as did his supporters, they might have carried the polls in many parts of the country, and with a full vote in the nation as a whole. South Italy, the old stronghold of the Liberals, has never been Fascist. Partly for that reason, perhaps, the voting was comparatively light there, and may hardly record the sentiment of the people. The principal surprises were in northern Italy, where the Fascisti have always been powerful. For instance, in Lombardy they polled less than 145,000 votes, while the combined opposition polled over 234,000 votes. At Milan, the birthplace of Fascism and the home of Mussolini, the Fascisti polled 58,220, and the combined opposition 91,315. In some country districts the Clericals alone polled twice as many votes as the Fascisti. Considerable violence attended the campaigning and strong-arm methods are reported to have been used. The correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, the organ of British Labor, who is a British subject of Maltese birth, was expelled from the country.

The Government took special measures to conciliate the clerical vote before the election. It decided to double the income of bishops, who will henceforth receive 12,000 lire a year instead of 6000, and the annual grant to parish priests — who have been pitifully underpaid — was raised from 1500 to 2500 lire. Another decision, 'even more likely to please the Vatican,' places theological students on the same footing as university students so far as their military service is concerned.

Among the opponents of Fascism the Communists, rather paradoxically, are said to have been treated with most consideration by the Government. This tolerant attitude is ascribed to the fact that the Communists, like the Fascisti, preach Dictatorship instead of Democracy, that they stood no chance of becoming formidable rivals in Parliament, and that some strengthening of their delegation would not come amiss to Fascist orators, who could point to the Soviet peril as an additional reason for maintaining the present régime.

This was called the 'silent election' — because, while the voters were not interfered with, free expression of opinion was pretty effectively suppressed. Professor Guglielmo Salvadori of the University of Florence, the author of the article, 'Fascism Faces the Ballot Box,' which we printed in our issue of April 12, has been made to suffer severely for his frank political criticism of the Party. We relate his experience as the *New Statesman*, the journal in which the article originally appeared, describes it: —

A band of armed Fascisti visited his house and demanded an explanation. This he offered to give at their headquarters. He went there and was received by a dozen or so Black Shirts, first with gross insults and menaces and then with blows. They hit him repeatedly on the face and head and turned him out bleeding, to be struck again — this time with leather-covered canes — by another band at the door. His young

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son, who was waiting outside, rushed to his father's rescue, and he too was hit and thrown to the ground. The two got away, but were followed by their tormentors, who presently came up with them and once more beat them over the head with their sticks. Policemen looked on without interfering. They were only saved by a passing officer, who deputed two soldiers to escort them home.

*

STRAWS ON THE CURRENT OF GERMAN OPINION

More than a month before the election *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the principal organ of the Stinnes press, argued that Germany had no reason to court favor abroad by returning the Democratic and Radical Parties to power: —

For four years now we have had a Parliament controlled by a clear majority of the Left. A German Chancellor and leader of this majority could venture to declare, 'The enemy is on the Right!' The French have had as many Social Democrats, Independent Socialists, and Communists in the German Reichstag as they could wish. That body pushed its policy of fulfilling the Treaty to the point of national collapse. But these concessions, these attempts to comply punctiliously with even the most exorbitant and unjust demands of the Entente, were repaid by the occupation of Düsseldorf, Mülheim, Ruhrort, and later of the Ruhr and other regions. The meeker the Reichstag, the more delight the French seemed to take in humbling our national pride to flatter their own vanity. We conclude, therefore, that if the new Reichstag is like the old one, and pursues the same policy as its predecessor, the French will merely consider this an encouragement to continue their illegal and arbitrary policy toward our country.

Liberal comment in the German press upon the acquittal of Ludendorff and the nominal sentence passed upon Hitler is condemnatory in the extreme. *Frankfurter Zeitung* says that the decision is 'a farce and an insult.'

The penal code prescribes that high treason shall be punished with life imprisonment or fortress internment. Only when there are extenuating circumstances can the sentence be reduced to from five to fifteen years' imprisonment. Consequently, if there were mitigating circumstances, the Munich court should at least have inflicted five years' confinement. The decision is an insult to the German people.

The *Neue Freie Presse* comments: —

Germany has no constitution, if the word means anything more than a bundle of paragraphs or empty husks of the law, with no vital content. Where the things tolerated in Munich are possible — where men can with impunity commit high treason, turn out Governments at pistol point, and preach armed seizure of the national capital, and no court in Germany ventures to protect the Republic from this disgrace — latent anarchy possesses the land.

But the *Manchester Guardian* asks if Lloyd George and Field-Marshal Haig would have been treated much differently had they fallen afoul of the authorities in an Ulster agitation, and Conservative *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* notes that the King of Italy has just made Gabriel D'Annunzio Prince of Monte Nevoso, because he seized Fiume in the course of an exploit that was just as illegal and treasonable in the strict sense of the word as what was attempted at Munich.

Notable successes were obtained by Hitler's Party at the elections for the Diet in Bavaria. It easily led in Munich and other city districts, and even secured nearly one third of the total votes in Nuremberg, a Socialist stronghold. The women seem to have voted heavily for Hitler, possibly, it is suggested, as the hero of a romantic trial. The Bavarian People's Party — or old Clerical group — has lost heavily, though it still will be the strongest single party in Bavaria. The Communists have doubled the number of votes they obtained in 1920, drawing mainly,

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however, from the Conservative Socialists. 'On the whole, the result of the election is a victory for Pan-German nationalism over Bavarian particularism.'

Professor Quidde thus describes his recent arrest and imprisonment in Munich: —

I was arrested on suspicion of contemplating flight. The laws in Bavaria impose the death penalty for the offense I had committed, which consisted in sending less than twenty copies of an article to several pacifist friends, including several foreigners. The authorities thought that I might attempt flight to avoid conviction. During my detention I was an inmate of three prisons, but I never saw a judge or a prosecuting attorney. My last place of confinement was Stadelheim. I was conveyed there under disgraceful conditions in a car filled with condemned prisoners. At Stadelheim I was not permitted to have a light in my cell, and the only exercise I could take was my 'daily dozen.'

Helmuth von Gerlach, another prominent pacifist, has also been arrested for peace propaganda, and a prosecution has been opened against *Vorwärts* for publishing the letter describing the Hitler Putsch, of which a translation appeared in the *Living Age* of March 29. Commenting upon the reactionary spirit these prosecutions show, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says: —

Numerous cases have already shown, and the prosecution of *Vorwärts* proves once more, that the Public Prosecutor and the judicial bench regard pacifism as treason and clandestine preparation for war against France as meritorious and deserving of encouragement. Ludendorff and his associates were not prosecuted because they schemed to extirpate the Jews and Socialists and raise a 'national army' to expel the French from German soil by force, but because they insisted on doing these things independently and in their own way, instead of doing them under the guidance of von Kahr and in his way. And even then Bavarian justice could not bring itself up to the point of convicting Ludendorff. Commander Ehrhardt, who provided Kapp with his chief military backing, was, it is true, arrested by one arm of German justice, but when he escaped from prison he was taken under the protection of and actually employed by another of its arms. From among the other party a man named Fechenbach is serving in Bavaria a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for publishing a diplomatic document which had already appeared in a French newspaper, and now *Vorwärts* is to be prosecuted for printing Götz's letter. These are not isolated or accidental, but thoroughly typical, cases. German justice is rapidly becoming merely the instrument of one school of political thought, and draconically punishes the pacifists for revealing those things which the German Government gravely protests do not exist and wishes to be concealed.

MINOR NOTES

We print elsewhere an article upon the election in Carpathian Ruthenia as a picture of the untoward conditions with which Democracy has to struggle in some of the newly emancipated countries. At the communal elections last September the Czech Agrarians won a sweeping victory. However, the Communists, possibly for the reason indicated in the article, — but also, it is alleged, because they promised free land to the peasants, — secured a heavy plurality in the March polling for parliament, winning five of the nine seats from the district. The remaining four seats were divided among the Social Democrats, the National Socialists, the Labor Party, and the Magyars. The result has caused a great commotion in Prague, where powerful elements have demanded that the election be annulled.

Referring to the appropriation of $10,000,000 for feeding destitute women and children in Germany, *Le*

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Temps says: 'When the United States gives $10,000,000 to Germany, France is benefited in two ways — Germany is in a better position to pay Reparations, and the American Government, which is the creditor of France, certainly cannot expect France to pay it money to lend to the Germans.'

THE London *Times* interprets the substantial gain won by the Labor Party at the last general elections in Western Australia as an indication that the 'Country' or Farmers Party is showing an increasing disinclination throughout the Commonwealth 'to run in double harness with the Nationalists.' The Country Party in Victoria has just decided to contest all seats at the coming election in that state. Western Australia has profited by the Empire Settlement Act to place over one hundred groups of British immigrants of twenty families each upon country holdings. This State has always shown exceptional interest in promoting rural settlement, partly because the authorities are keenly aware that gold-mining is a precarious industry upon which to base the permanent prosperity of a modern community. Among other enterprises looking to this end is a State farm for training boy immigrants.

The latest available returns from the South Australian elections indicate that Labor will have an absolute majority over both the other parties combined, thus following the precedent set by its Western Australian victory.

SOME protest is being made in Great Britain against the condition of the homeless boys who have been sent to Canada, where they have found homes on remote farms. Naturally there are cases of ill-treatment, and suicides have become so common that they are referred to by *John Bull* as 'an epidemic.' It should be added that the Canadian press is likewise protesting against this condition.

EUROPE'S CRAZE FOR MONUMENTS

Dedicating a 'memorial' to a Swiss champion bowling team. — *Nebelspalter*

GREECE BECOMES A REPUBLIC

'The helmet was handsomer, but the liberty cap goes best with these clothes.' — *La Tribuna*

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THREE AMERICANISMS

BY A. GOMEZ DE BAQUERO

From *El Sol, February* 25
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

THE Latin Press Congress at Lisbon has stimulated discussion of the American problem. Let me hasten to say that this problem calls for some preliminary analysis. The rivalry between Latinism, Latin-Americanism, and Spanish-Americanism would not matter so long as it were a mere argument about terms; but it is more than this — it is a dispute about influences.

In America itself there are three forms of Americanism: Spanish-Americanism, Latin-Americanism, and Pan-Americanism. Spanish-Americanism, or better Ibero-Americanism, — for we must not forget that one of the most important American nations, Brazil, is of Portuguese stock and tongue, — is based on historical tradition and language. Its adherents regard America as divided into two ethnic and linguistic groups: Spanish or Iberian Americans and Anglo-Americans. They consider the people of Spanish America young swarms sprung from the Spanish family and Spanish culture. The mother-hive in the Peninsula has populated a new Spain covering a large part of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan-Americanism, championed by the United States, is based on the theory that a solidarity, an Americanism, exists in the Western continent that transcends differences of race, language, and custom; that there is a New World, distinct and different from the Old World. The term 'New World' is no metaphor in the mind of the Pan-Americanists, but a political and cultural reality, signifying a new type of life. America, unburdened by Europe's historic problems, has common interests and a common physiognomy. She represents a new era in history.

Latinism resembles superficially Spanish-Americanism, except that it is less realist and substantial. According to this theory there are two Americas — a Saxon America and a Latin America. But its proponents, instead of basing their claims upon language and history, the way Spanish-Americanists do, justify their contention by assuming an hypothetical Latin race and a specifically Latin culture.

Latinism is mainly a French idea. It draws its strength from the wide diffusion in Spanish America of a French culture, partly inherited from Spain and partly adopted as the vehicle of modernism by the people there. The weakness of the theory lies in the attempt to identify racially the French and the Latin Americans. The French element in the population of the New World is negligible compared with that contributed by Spain, or with the present English-speaking people of the Western continent. A very recent phase of Latinism, professed by the Italians, has still less justification. It appeals to the large bodies of Italian emigrants in certain parts of the New World, but it lacks even the weak historical antecedents and the cultural plausibility of the French claim.

Of these Americanisms the best grounded and the most legitimate is Spanish-Americanism. It is also the most generally accepted. It has a solid

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foundation in facts. The Spanish Americans are lineal descendants of Spaniards, with more or less Indian intermixture. Most of them speak the Spanish tongue and preserve Spanish customs and habits of thought. But we emphasize at the same time that the Spaniards of the New World tolerate no dependence on the mother country. They insist on being themselves, and not copies of an Old World original.

Moreover, we must not delude ourselves into trusting too much to natural ties of blood, language, and customs. Undue optimism may imperil our influence across the Atlantic. The three doctrines described still have an open field, and the victory will go to the one most efficiently propagated. The case for Spanish-Americanism cannot be won by a mere appeal to historical precedents. Those precedents must be reënforced by contemporary considerations. We must maintain and strengthen the ties between Spain and her former colonies. Our best political agents are our scholars and writers, who are teaching America by both word and pen that Spain is not a decadent nation tottering senilely off the stage of history.

The other Americanisms with which we must compete should be a lesson and a model for us. Yankee Pan-Americanism is backed by the immense power of the United States, by that country's material and civil progress, and by the prestige that the World War has given to the Stars and Stripes. But its cause is prejudiced by Washington's blunders, by what has happened in Panama, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Porto Rico. Spanish Americans reject Yankee protection, although they welcome and accept the friendly favors of their powerful neighbor.

Latinism is supported by the prestige that French letters and culture enjoy in Spanish America, and by the sympathy which the people there feel for the free institutions of France. But Spanish Americans have no desire to be absorbed by or to imitate servilely any other nation. Each of their republics wishes to live its own life. America is a name to conjure with not only in the United States but throughout the continent. It stands for future promise and yet unattained ideals.

Spanish-Americanism cannot sustain itself by sentimental oratory or mere pleas of kinship. Its growth and vigor depend primarily on our own capacity and conduct.

The motto of America is progress — progress even in the more backward states that still serve their political apprenticeship under ephemeral tyrants. If Spain turns her back on progress and fixes her vision on the obscure vistas of the past, her cause will receive a fatal setback in America. The new continent strains toward more life, not toward death. Every backward step we take in Spain, every act that suggests doubt of our capacity to live like a modern nation, is a blow to our cause in America, and a gain for the rival theories I have described.

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PROPAGANDA TACTICS

BY LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN

From *El Sol, March* 17
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

A LARGE majority of the Spanish press was excluded from the recent Latin Press Congress in Lisbon, and the few representatives of our newspaper world present were studiously ignored and humiliated. In one or two instances Spanish journalists were ostracized ostensibly for alleged hostility to the Portuguese Republic, but in no case was this more than a pretext. The real reason was that the men in charge of the Congress did not want Spaniards present, in order that they might carry out their programme with greater ease. That programme was: The Latin races for the French — with a few Portuguese to do the cheering.

We are all debtors to French culture and to the great Republic. No one disputes that. Even as sturdy a protagonist of Spain as Blanco Fombona has declared that the Latin Americans are 'the spiritual children of the French Revolution.' Of course, in America as elsewhere, there are disloyal sons of that great event. They also exist in France, for France, like Spain, is not a perfectly homogeneous community. Several civilizations and cultures, with diverse racial, cultural, and mental elements, coexist in every country, and are at times irreconcilably hostile to each other. And an entirely different cultural or racial element may predominate in one epoch from that which characterized the nation in an earlier epoch. We have abundant reason to question if the forces that control France to-day have much kinship — at least politically — with the forces that guided the France of the Revolution. It certainly is difficult to recognize them in her Ruhr campaign and her foreign policy in general.

Not only preponderant opinion in the rest of Europe, but a powerful section of French public opinion, condemns the forces that now dominate that country. If we turn to the Spanish-speaking peoples both in Spain and in parts of America, — for instance, Venezuela, — we find that the 'spiritual children of the French Revolution' have wandered far indeed from the teaching of that great event.

But, quite independently of the political structure, there are cultural forms characteristic of different races of men. The content of culture is much the same everywhere, as we observe when studying such phenomena as popular religious concepts, myths, and folklore. But cultures differ sufficiently in form to constitute distinct species. For good or bad, there is such a distinct Spanish culture, which has slowly evolved through the course of many centuries, first in Spain and subsequently also in America. This culture has its own peculiar quality, largely independent of the political constitutions of the states in which it thrives. Even the Inquisition did not prevent the brilliant outburst of literary and artistic genius, in the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that still lends immortal glory to our name. It may be argued that the highest expression of a culture is not found in political institutions or scientific attainments. Even

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if Spain were not credited with a single great scientific discovery, her literary monuments, her great masterpieces of painting and architecture, would entitle her to a high and distinctive place among civilized peoples.

It is this type of culture, handed down to us for nearly a thousand years, that is now menaced in America by Anglo-Saxon culture, which irradiates from the United States over the rest of the hemisphere, and by French culture, which is being so sedulously and skillfully propagated from Paris. Both cultures have their admirable points, as has the flowering of every great civilization. They are worthy of study and, to a certain extent, of imitation. But this does not mean that nations of true Spanish stock and tradition should renounce their native, typical culture, in order servilely to adopt that of a different race.

The irresistible instinct to survive found in every culture should deter France or any other nation from such a design as the Latin Press Congress was devised to further. We do not criticize its promoters for the hope they cherish of incorporating our Spanish culture into their own. But it would be inexcusably shortsighted for us — the Spaniards of the motherland and America — to assist these designs by voluntary acquiescence. It is natural that France should harbor imperial ambitions, but it is unnatural that we should resign ourselves to a subservient and colonial status. We can understand how France may wish to make her language the great world-language, but we cannot understand how any Spanish American can become a protagonist of that idea.

This brings us to the question of the press as an agency of culture. 'A Latin press' — that is to say, a French, Italian, Spanish, Spanish-American, Portuguese, and Brazilian press — directed and inspired by France would be a mortal threat to Spanish culture, to say nothing of its possible blight upon our political life and all our social and economic activity. Yet this is precisely what the Latin Press Congress intends to accomplish. It does not aim at establishing a community of material and ideal interests, but at erecting a hegemony — a monopoly of all kinds of news service and press propaganda covering the whole range of thought and action, from the highest levels of intellectual endeavor down to trade-promotion and commonplace material interests.

Our transatlantic cousins already realize what a monopoly of this sort means. An example already exists in the equivocal news-agency established in Brazil — but actually operated from obscurer sources — that makes it its business to invent wild rumors and distort events that have to do with Spanish America. A French monopoly would be no better, especially if it were under the control of the great French newspapers, which are among the least reliable in the world.

Only a permanent Spanish-American Press Congress could accomplish what we seek. It should gather and distribute news on a coöperative basis without any ulterior object except the fundamental one of preserving, perfecting, and extending Spanish culture. Some of the leading men in the Spanish newspaper world are already taking steps to form such an organization. The idea is winning favor; but every precaution must be taken to see that neither its inspiration nor its object is misrepresented.

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THE SOCIALISTS AND THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

BY LÉON BLUM

[*The author is a Socialist Deputy and editor belonging to the Conservative wing of that party.*]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, March* 17
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

THE Socialist Party of France has adopted new tactics for the coming election. These represent a complete break with its previous policies. Until 1919 the members of the Chamber of Deputies were elected from districts represented by a single member. There were nearly six hundred such election districts in France. The Socialists nominated candidates in practically all of these, and conducted the campaign, which was always a lively affair, chiefly with the idea of making new converts to their principles. If our candidate did not receive an absolute majority of the votes and failed of election on the first ballot — which unfortunately was the case in most instances — we were able to withdraw him and support a Radical or Republican candidate on the second ballot. We always did this without compensation, because we never made bargains with any other party. We rejected alliances that limited our freedom as Socialists, but we kept in view the fact that Socialism and Republican institutions necessarily go together. According to our creed, every Socialist is invariably a Republican — indeed, the only Simon-pure Republican in existence.

It was not always easy to pursue this programme of self-renunciation, because French bourgeois politicians are as much alike as peas. The differences between them are vague and shifting. They change their political platform so often that it is hard to tell one from another. This often led to unfortunate and irritating incidents. But we invariably had the first campaign to ourselves, with a free hand to preach the evangel of Socialism unhampered, and to win new converts for our cause. From the Socialist point of view, the campaign for the first balloting was the only real campaign.

The new election law of 1919 has completely changed all this. That law establishes a limited number of electoral districts, each of which sends several members to the Chamber. All the candidates of any party or coalition are voted for on one ticket, and there is seldom more than one balloting. This law differs from other proportional representation laws in favoring to an extraordinary extent the ticket that receives the most votes. If a ticket receives an absolute majority, then all the candidates upon it are elected to the Chamber. But if no ticket has an absolute majority, the ticket having the plurality on the first ballot is awarded offhand a certain number of seats in the Chamber, which may vary from one third to one half the total, according to the voting-ratios.

Now that the ticket that heads the polls has such an advantage, the parties — and still more the individual candidates — have a powerful inducement to get on that ticket by forming coalitions with other groups. In fact, the present election-law is a great encourager of party coalitions. Let us, by way of

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example, assume that the voters of the country can be roughly divided into two groups of about equal strength, and that the different parties in the first group form a coalition and put up a single ticket, while the parties in the second group put up independent tickets. The result would naturally be that the fifty per cent of the voters who united on a coalition ticket would elect pretty nearly all their candidates for the Chamber.

That is how the National Bloc won its great victory four years ago last November. That Bloc was a coalition of Royalists, Nationalists, Clericals, Moderate Republicans, and certain Radicals. Consequently they won an easy victory over their dispersed opponents. The same coalition will be formed for the present campaign — indeed, it is already formed. It will include Moderate Republicans and Chauvinist Radicals, in addition to outright reactionaries. We were therefore faced with the option of either giving up our old practice of nominating an independent Socialist ticket, or surrendering control of the Chamber to the parties of reaction.

The same choice faced every one of the more liberal parties, but it presented itself to the Socialists in a peculiarly significant way. If we did not enter a Bloc of the Left, which had absolutely no chance of success without our support, it was practically certain that the National Bloc would have a majority in the next Chamber, although it did not represent a majority of the voters. But if, on the other hand, we did join a Left coalition, and thereby made it powerful enough to win, we should have to sacrifice the opportunity for propaganda and winning new recruits that a political campaign has always afforded us in the past. For a coalition ticket could not possibly represent an identical programme in the minds of all of its supporters. Consequently we should be hampered in our freedom to preach Socialism pure and simple by consideration for our bourgeois allies in the campaign. We had to choose, therefore, between practically turning the government of the country over to reactionaries or sacrificing our specific party interests.

The same question presented itself four years ago last fall. We then voted unanimously to put up a separate party ticket and to preserve our freedom of propaganda in the electoral campaign. But when the question recurred this year we decided — again unanimously — to adopt the opposite tactics in the hope of defeating the National Bloc. That is why we consented to enter a coalition. Let me hasten to add, however, that our convictions have not changed, that we still champion the same strictly Socialist doctrines that we have always professed. Why, then, have we reversed our tactics? Solely on account of the foreign situation, solely in obedience to a feeling of international responsibility.

The decisive argument with us was the conviction that has steadily gained converts in our ranks — that French reaction stands at the head of European reaction, that it is used as a justification and a model for reaction in other countries, and that its endorsement by France this year would greatly strengthen reaction throughout the world. In other words, we believe that a victory of the National Bloc might present an insurmountable obstacle to the peaceful solution of international controversies and the peaceful reorganization of the world.

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ELECTIONEERING AMONG ILLITERATES

BY MAX BROD

[Carpathian Ruthenia, which before the war was the extreme northeast of Hungary, has become part of the new Czechoslovak Republic. The position of the half-million people who live in this wild and mountainous region is extraordinary. The peasants live in wooden huts high up in the hills under conditions which are illustrated by the fact that the principal Ruthenian paper is filled with appeals to the Government to assist them in protecting their herds from the nightly ravages of bears and wolves. The district is politically important, because it links Czechoslovakia with Russia, both territorially and racially.]

From *Prager Tagblatt, March* 16
(GERMAN-LANGUAGE NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

AN exciting campaign is raging in Czechoslovakia's Wild East. Thirteen parties are competing at the polls, although in most villages from sixty to eighty per cent of the inhabitants are absolutely illiterate. Many a village mayor can only read a little and possibly sign his name. I have met candidates for Parliament whose knowledge of writing is limited to tracing a laborious signature.

Remarkable paradox! Or is it the most natural thing in the world? Thirteen political parties shading off from each other so imperceptibly that only the keenest analysis can detect the difference between them! How can a peasant of one of these isolated mountain villages be expected to understand the distinction between Socialists, Independent Socialists, Communists, and the Great-Russian Laborists? But that is only typical of the riddles abounding in this strange country.

Although I made unremitting search, I was not able to find a single resident who could recite the names of all the thirteen parties without omitting one or two. Just before I left I did find such a person, but he was not a resident — he was a candidate from Prague who has no voting right in the district itself. This political mystification is further complicated by the crisscross of different nationalities. The Ruthenians are divided into a Great-Russian and a Little-Russian Party. Hungarians are divided into those who oppose and those who support the Government. The Jews have their factions and the Socialists have theirs. To get down to real details, the Great-Russian political group is divided into four parties; the Little-Russians have only one; the Magyars have altogether three, the Jews have two, and the Socialists of the more orthodox communion have three. Added to this, the platform of the same party often differs in different districts.

It is most surprising that the Ruthenians, whose thin intellectual upper crust is partially Magyarized, should be split into so many factions. Their controversies are chiefly linguistic. They use the Cyrillic alphabet. Shop signs are either in Hebrew or in Russian letters; but one cannot tell from the type of writing alone what the language is. Outside the numerous Hungarian villages the people speak Little-Russian, — that is, Ukrainian, — as they do the other side of the Carpathians in East Galicia. But many of the better-educated natives and the immigrants from Russia speak *Mos-*

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kovich — that is, Great-Russian. Some Czech politicians are zealously promoting the use of Russian for idealistic reasons.

Oddly enough, the controversy over language has projected itself into the controversy over the alphabet — in fact, into a dispute over two or three silent letters universally employed until recently in Russian books and periodicals. These letters have an alleged scientific significance; but the Bolsheviki have dispensed with them, and *Izvestia*, for instance, is now printed without them. But that is only an additional argument for the monarchist refugees who abound in the district to fight for their retention. They appear to consider this the supreme thing in life. The contentious letters have become a symbol of the old régime. Recently the local officials, who are great partisans of Russia, have introduced them even into Ukrainian writing, to the intense rage of the Pro-Ukraine Party. So we have the absurd and astounding spectacle of an almost utterly illiterate electorate split into many petty and intensely hostile factions over a question of orthography!

A man who visits the remote little villages of miserable straw-thatched huts, who studies the pale faces of the poor half-fed Jews, and, above all, who stops at a gypsy village, would certainly imagine that questions of orthography were the last thing in the world for political parties to fight over. A Ruthenian peasant hut seldom looks fit for human habitation, but a gypsy hut is indescribably worse. It is so small and low that a man can neither sit up nor stand in it. He can only roll in. It is a windowless dog-kennel, whose only opening is the hole that serves as a door.

And yet a lively political campaign is going on in these dog-kennels, in these dilapidated villages, in a land where even the best towns resemble the poorest villages in Central Europe, except immediately around the market-place. Yet the educational effect of this agitation is not to be despised. Some parties are honestly trying to enlighten the voters. One Social-Democratic candidate with whom I talked described with great enthusiasm the keen thirst for knowledge and the natural shrewdness he had found among the people of remote mountain hamlets, where no ray of human culture had ever previously penetrated. Of course, there are other candidates who follow different methods. They pace off the neighboring estates and promise every peasant an allotment from them as soon as they are elected; or they measure the poor fellows for a new pair of boots and tell them to come to the nearest market-town and get them the day after election.

Let us hope that the voting will at least be free of the unfortunate features common during the Hungarian régime. The campaign has revived anecdotes of those good old days, when the gendarmes would get the entire population of a village intoxicated, load the voters in ox-carts, and haul them to the voting-place. On arriving at the destination, the honest electors had only to stammer the names of the Government's candidates, which had been drilled into their heads with wine and schnapps for several weeks beforehand. Now and then a stalwart citizen would be so drunk that he could not even pronounce these names. In such cases they stuck a pin in him, and his roar of pain was interpreted as the name desired. If a village was supposed to be hostile to the Government Party, it would be quarantined for typhus, or under suspicion of cholera or some equally dangerous epidemic, just before election; or else the recalcitrant peasants would be misled into marching

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behind a band of music to a purely fictitious voting-place. There they would cast their ballots in good faith, to have them thrown out as illegal afterward.

Happily, that sort of thing is no longer possible, although it is suspected that money may decide the preference of some of the ignorant electors. Furthermore, the numerous tickets in the field present another difficulty. How is a man who can neither read nor write to select and mark his choice of thirteen lists of candidates? In order to help him, the tickets have been numbered — not with figures, which he could not understand, but with dots arranged in groups of five, for many voters can count only with their fingers. Naturally the tickets that have drawn the lowest numbers have an advantage, and Conservative organs deplore the fact that the Communists were lucky enough to get Number One. It may give them a majority.

The campaign among the Jews makes a chapter by itself. There are more than 90,000 of them among the half-million people in the district, and every one, men and women alike, can read at least the Hebrew letters. As a result, the parties campaigning among the Jews are publishing their literature in Yiddish. It strikes a traveler who can puzzle out a few words in that speech and script as indescribably funny to read a Yiddish placard appealing in an excessively ingratiating way for Jewish support, and signed by a committee of the Czech-Ruthenian Agrarian Party, whose press in Prague fairly foams at the mouth with anti-Semitic rage. A Jewish funny paper, published at Ungvár and bearing the proud title *Amud Hoesch*, — 'The Pillar of Fire,' — is working tooth and nail for that party. The Jews themselves ridicule the situation and whisper with grinning smirks into each other's ears the big prices the Agrarians are paying for votes. They are a people not easily led, and have quickly discovered that none of the thirteen groups has an undisputed claim to the title of Government Party. In fact, there are five active aspirants for that honor: the Agrarians, the Labor Party, the 'Bread Workers' Party, the Catholic Peoples Party, and the Czech Social Democrats. In addition there are two Government Parties among the Hungarians, one for the city and another for the country.

While it is impossible at present writing to predict what the result at the polls will be, the educational effect of the campaign will certainly be good. Regardless of the immediate outcome, the people are learning. Every automobile in the country is engaged in party service. Campaign speakers rush hither and thither in them along the country roads.

I drive daily over long stretches of highway without a human habitation, where the level valley-bottoms still lie deep in snow or form shallow lakes during the spring thaw, and flocks of blackbirds circle above the leafless oak forests. When at last we reach a village it is filled with peasants wearing black hats, black coats, and gray trousers with blue sashes. The women wear bright-red headcloths and white sheepskin jackets with the wool outside. Every house has a well and a well sweep such as we see on picture postal cards. Still farther back in the mountains we find ourselves among pines and hemlocks. We cross a clear mountain brook murmuring over a broad bed of glistening pebbles. The snow still lies deep on the farther bank, and has been cut by the running water into a tiny precipice. This is a beautiful sylvan mountain land, where nature is unspoiled and the only problems are those made by man.

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GERMANY AND CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BY VLASTIMIL TUSAR

[The sudden death of this distinguished diplomat just after the following article was written was attributed by many to the shock produced by the episode he describes. His loss was almost as deeply deplored in Germany as in his own country.]

From *Vossische Zeitung, March 20*
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

EUROPE was shocked yesterday to receive from Berlin news of the existence of a secret military convention between France and Czechoslovakia, indicating hostile designs against Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Italy. Doctor Beneš, Minister of Foreign Affairs for Czechoslovakia, has roundly denied the genuineness of the document. Such denials by foreign ministers and diplomats are apt to be taken as forced concessions to international courtesy, and to be disbelieved for that reason. Therefore I shall not content myself with a mere denial, but shall address in addition a few calm words to the people of Germany. I believe that my three years' residence in Berlin and my official relations with its Government during that period have proved sufficiently that I am a sincere advocate of friendship between Germany and Czechoslovakia.

First let me say a few words concerning our relations with France and with Germany. We never have disclaimed our political friendship for France — a friendship that is the natural outcome of the events of the last few years. France befriended us before the war. She presided at the cradle of our independence. Since peace was signed her help has stood us in good stead in many a difficult political emergency.

Before the war Germany ignored us. Bismarck was the last German statesman who gave thought to the Czech question. Whatever political information reached Berlin concerning us came through Vienna. So after the war we had to overcome many, many prejudices. In spite of that, however, our intercourse with Germany has grown steadily friendlier. A network of treaties already regulates our reciprocal relations. Negotiations between the two countries have been correct in form, conducted without prejudice or irritation, and characterized by the effort of each nation to live on good neighborly terms with the other. Whenever difficulties arose they were promptly removed by mutual concessions.

Quite recently, however, a cloud has begun to obscure this pleasing prospect. Was it due to the Christmas treaty between my country and France? I am thankful that the publication of these so-called 'documents' in the *Berliner Tageblatt* gives me a chance to speak openly on that subject. The best diplomacy between two nations is, and always will be, open diplomacy.

What does our treaty with France amount to? Nothing more than a logical formulation of our previous friendly relations with that country. But why did Doctor Beneš conclude it just now? Why did he not wait a little longer? I have repeatedly been asked this in Berlin. The explanation is as

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follows: during the course of 1924, in the opinion of European statesmen, our still pending post-war problems will approach solution. The German public is for the most part unaware that we likewise have a painful Reparations question, as important for us and for our economic future as is her Reparations question for Germany. We must see that the *damnosa hereditas* of deceased Austria-Hungary is not all shoved off on us.

The Reparations question is not merely an economic question, — as everyone in Germany is aware, — but likewise a political question, a question of influence, and, under certain circumstances, of power. We are a small country; we must seek the support of more powerful neighbors in order to avoid being discriminated against in settlements that vitally affect us. On whom could we lean better, in view of our previous relations with her, than upon France? Some say that this treaty is directed against Germany. I ask why? Have we any reason for attacking Germany? Our State is so constituted that a war of conquest would destroy it. And what has our policy been hitherto? We have managed to reach a friendly agreement with Vienna in spite of the bitter enmity we harbored for centuries against its Government. We are collaborating today in the reconstruction of Hungary, despite the great tension that has existed between the two countries. Our foreign policy has been consistently directed toward peace with all our neighbors. Are we reproached with having organized a large army? We shall be the first to send our soldiers back home — and we shall do so joyfully — when, as we hope may speedily come, Europe is truly pacified.

Our present interests are, in fact, identical with those of Germany. We want the Reparations question and the associated question of Interallied indebtedness settled promptly and satisfactorily, by a friendly understanding. Doctor Beneš emphasized in one of his last public speeches the interest that Czechoslovakia has in the reconcilation of France and Germany. That is an opinion shared by all our people. Our business men, our manufacturers, our laborers, and our peasants are convinced that any disturbance, whether economic, financial, or political, is sure to extend beyond the borders of the country of its origin. And, since we have no stronger longing than for peace and repose, we wish Germany likewise to enjoy those blessings in order that we may do so.

When I have set forth these views recently, I have met this objection: 'What you say is very convincing, but Doctor Beneš has concluded secret conventions besides this public treaty, and they are directed against Germany.' It is for this reason that I am glad that the alleged 'secret documents' that people have been whispering about so long have at length been dragged into the light, so that everyone may see just what they are.

During the past few years many 'secret documents' have come to my hands; but not even the imaginary secret treaty between Germany and Russia that a Paris editor fancied he had ferreted out was so naïvely drafted as this one. First, as to form — any person familiar with the form of French diplomatic protocols and declarations will note at once that the forger had the wording of some actual treaty before him, but did not know how to use it. Anyone who knows how strictly the French Foreign Ministry clings to certain traditional expressions will detect in the introduction and in the signature that it is a forgery. Of course, that requires some knowledge of drafting processes. I cannot go into details here,

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although they illustrate amusingly the gullibility of whoever paid good money for these papers.

But the decisive thing, after all, is the contents. Every clause in these documents can be refuted, but I will only cite the more important. I have never, during my political career, seen a document that contained more ridiculous inconsistencies. The forger evidently knew nothing about domestic politics in Czechoslovakia and their bearing upon her relations with Europe. I shall cite only two of the grossest blunders.

Section II says: 'In case of a war between Poland and Germany both parties to the Treaty shall take the side of Poland.' Now Poland has not, up to the present time, made any treaty with Czechoslovakia. It is utterly inconceivable that Czechoslovakia should obligate herself to go to war for the sake of Poland, without Poland's entering into some reciprocal obligation toward Czechoslovakia.

Section IV, which deals with French and Czech neutrality in case of an eventual war with Russia, directly conflicts with the political and military treaty between France and Poland. That again affects Section IX, which mentions a declaration of war against Germany, if Germany should come to Russia's aid. A person who knows anything of conditions in Bohemia knows that no Czech Foreign Minister would ever assume that obligation — least of all Doctor Beneš.

One of the most barbarous suggestions is the occupation of Austria by a Czecho-French army. Austria is under the control, and consequently under the protection, of the League of Nations. The Government of Czechoslovakia has consistently opposed a military intervention in Austria, even at a time when certain circles in Vienna wished it. I know these facts personally, for I was Czechoslovakia's first diplomatic representative at Vienna.

But the most absurd of all is Section X, where the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia is represented as concerning himself with Mediterranean questions. What has Czechoslovakia to do with the Mediterranean? Why should Czechoslovakia go out of her way to make an enemy of Italy when she has every reason to seek an accord with that country, especially in regard to questions affecting the legacies of the Hapsburg monarchy? Poincaré would become the laughingstock of France and of all Europe, were he to make treaties concerning Mediterranean questions with a little country like mine, buried in the heart of the continent.

I shall not go further, for every section of the alleged treaty can be refuted with the same ease.

Let me close with the question that Doctor Beneš asked yesterday at Prague. Who is so anxious to mar the good feeling that has recently prevailed between Czechoslovakia and Germany? Who would be interested in doing that just now, when the coöperation of the two countries is more important than ever? Probably people here in Berlin will understand without further suggestion that it is hardly dignified for us to keep repeating that we have no hostile designs against Germany. I do not see how it helps the pacification of Europe, which we all desire, to sow distrust among her Governments with forged papers. But the *Berliner Tageblatt* has performed a service in publishing these documents, so that they can be shown up as forgeries, instead of being left to poison our good relations like a secret abscess. It is for that reason I make this direct appeal to the good sense of the German people — even at the risk of violating conventional diplomatic usage.

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GANDHI AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER

BY C. F. ANDREWS

[This article was written before Gandhi's unconditional release from prison on medical grounds. His recovered health and his rumored invitation to London to confer with the representatives of the Labor Government apparently have terminated the partial political eclipse of his confinement. However, this article deals with a different and less-discussed phase of his influence.]

From the *International Review of Missions, April*
(British Missionary Quarterly)

In this article I shall attempt to describe, as far as I am able to do so, something of the spiritual meaning to humanity of the great movement which has penetrated India from one end to the other in recent years, called Noncoöperation. I feel certain that there are deep currents of moral and spiritual emotion running through it, which give it a religious color and tone and represent something new in the religious life of humanity. At the same time, I am fully aware that at the present time its political aspect is most prominently before the public.

I should wish to add that in what follows concerning one whom Indians universally call Mahatma Gandhi I am not writing from hearsay. It has been among the greatest privileges and blessings of my life to be associated with him as an intimate and personal friend, loved closer than a brother. But if I write with the fullest warmth of affection, I shall also endeavor, as he would wish me, to be critical. I trust that I shall not be misinterpreted if I take up in all that follows what may be called the Indian position. It is not possible to tell the story without attempting to see things from the angle of vision of the Indian people themselves.

What has been of supreme moral and spiritual interest is to find in the saintly character of this modern Indian leader, who has so deeply stirred the hearts of men, the portraits of a Savonarola and a Saint Francis of Assisi combined — if one may venture to use Western comparisons for one who has sprung from the heart of the East. For in him we come into touch with a man who is acknowledged on every hand to be a religious devotee, with much of the tenderness and joyfulness, the sacrifice and childlike nature of Saint Francis, and yet withal a political reformer of an intensely active character and disposition, dealing with world governments and Powers. For Mahatma Gandhi is the gentlest of human beings, living a life of extreme poverty in his religious retreat at Sabarmati, where every bird and beast and living creature is dear to him and little children are the most precious of God's gifts. Here one night not long ago at evening worship, during the singing of a hymn, a cobra crept on to his shoulder; but he stilled the alarm among his boys and went on with his meditation. Yet the same barefooted saint has been like a warrior at the head of the greatest political movement that modern India has ever seen.

Put briefly, the Noncoöperation movement, which Mahatma Gandhi

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started, was an attempt to bring about by moral force a 'change of heart' in the Government of India. The movement itself expressed outwardly the sudden rise of national feeling which swept over the East at the conclusion of the war in Europe. In Egypt it brought Christian and Mussulman together. In Asia Minor it led to armed resistance under Mustapha Kemal. In India it produced the passive-resistance movement called Noncoöperation.

Gandhi originally went out to South Africa as a young barrister, not intending to stay. But when he saw the humiliation to which his fellow countrymen were subjected, on account of their color and race, he determined to remain. Soon he became their champion. He gave up all his own private wealth, which was considerable, and lived as a peasant clad in an Indian peasant's dress of homespun. He did everything possible to show his good-will toward the British in South Africa, often returning kindness for injury. Twice over he acted as stretcher-bearer in times of war, tending the wounded of friend and foe alike under the Red Cross. He had the privilege, which he greatly treasured, of bearing Lord Roberts's only son out of action and carrying him eighteen miles on a stretcher to the base with the help of some Indian companions. At the same time he stoutly refused to allow any indignity to be put upon his own people after the Boer War was ended. Twice over he won the victory in a passive-resistance campaign by which he maintained the honor of his fellow countrymen. In one of these conflicts against injustice more than 2000 went to prison out of a population of 12,000 all told.

Ten years ago I lived with him in South Africa for some time, toward the end of his third and greatest moral effort, and I watched him apply his principle of passive resistance by means of a small body of Indian people who were perfectly moulded to his will and obedient to his direct inspiration. These willing sufferers, carefully prepared by him to go through any amount of hardship, were the Indians domiciled in Natal and the Transvaal, who were struggling to maintain the few rights that were still left to them and to resist certain things, which they rightly regarded as intolerable evils. One of these was a £3 poll tax. This had to be paid even by women and older children, with the penalty, if they did not pay it, of being forced back into indentured labor on the sugar plantations. This was one of the iniquities against which the struggle was waged to the bitter end and it can easily be imagined how sharp the conflict was.

Gandhi in South Africa appeared to have all the ardor of a scientist on the eve of a new discovery. The odds against him were tremendous. Yet he came out victorious in the end. Early in the year 1914 General Smuts acknowledged the wrong which had been done to the Indians in Natal. The £3 tax was abolished and an equitable settlement was reached. Thus the passive-resistance movement in South Africa was brilliantly successful. It was an almost perfect vindication of moral strength as the only means of righting evil in the world. The greatest victory of all was this, that not a single act of violence could be charged against the thousands of Indians who took part in the struggle. As a direct consequence, the long conflict which had been waged ended in good-will and friendship restored.

Gandhi returned to India by way of England and arrived at Southampton on the very night of the outbreak of the war. With characteristic promptness and self-sacrifice he offered

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the next morning his services at the India Office as stretcher-bearer and hospital worker. He promised to serve in any capacity as a minister to the sick and wounded for the whole duration of the war. His services were accepted and he worked unremittingly; but an attack of pleurisy in England in November 1914, which was nearly fatal, made it imperative for him to return to the warmer climate of India. When he had fully recovered, he twice volunteered for hospital work in Mesopotamia. He was prepared to raise a company of five hundred workers who should be under the strictest discipline and ready for devoted service. But on both occasions his offer failed to obtain acceptance at the headquarters of the British Government in India.

His last act of service on behalf of the Allied cause, in whose righteousness at that time he fully believed, was to start a recruiting campaign in his own province of Gujarat to enlist Indian fighting men. This was, and has always been, to me quite inexplicable on his part; because he himself is the strictest believer in moral force as contrasted with physical force. I have mentioned this inconsistency because it pained me very greatly at the time and led directly in his own case to another almost fatal illness and complete physical prostration. During this critical time of illness I was with him and learned to know the beauty of his character as I had never known it before.

Soon after the war was over a supreme disappointment met him. It was, he told me, like receiving a sudden blow in the face. This was the forcing through the Viceroy's Council of the Rowlatt Act — the Black Act, as Indians soon learned to call it. The measure was regarded on all hands as tyrannical. When it came up before the Council not a single Indian member voted in its favor. Every possible effort was made by Mahatma Gandhi, through interviews with the Viceroy, to warn him of the impending danger. But against the will of the whole people the Act became the law of the land. The injury and insult were felt most keenly of all because the people of India had been expecting something quite different — some measure of generosity — now that the war was over.

When everything else had been tried in vain, Mahatma Gandhi stood up before the people and called for passive resistance. He called upon the people of India to resist this arbitrary decree of the Government by moral weapons, and to prepare to go to prison by thousands until the Act was repealed. The response in every part of the country was immediate, for the moral indignation was great indeed.

But in making this new experiment in passive resistance the Indian leader had omitted from his calculation one factor which proved to be of paramount importance. He had not fully realized that the masses in India, numbering many millions, had never been schooled in suffering and patience like the tiny Indian community domiciled in Natal and in the Transvaal. He began the experiment on the same scientific lines as those he had laid down in South Africa, but almost immediately, even before the movement was fairly launched, an error of the first magnitude appeared. The Punjab has been for generations the home of the fighting men of India. Its people did not understand what passive resistance truly meant. Mob riots suddenly broke out and ruined the whole effort. With a glorious sincerity of purpose that revealed the saint rising above the politician, Gandhi, at the first breath of violence, called off the whole movement, and with a penitence which went to the utmost lengths of self-humilia-

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tion confessed in public that he had made a 'Himalayan blunder.'

Between the tragic end of this first struggle and the beginning of the second, the Amritsar massacre and all that followed it in the Punjab had at last become fully known to the Indian public. The people of England have no conception of the humiliation which it had caused and the burning sense of outrage that remained unappeased. As a second cause of trouble, the treatment of Turkey after the war, and the disclosure of the secret treaties with regard to Turkey's dismemberment, had aroused the whole Mohammedan population to the extreme point of indignation. They declared with one voice that they had been cruelly deceived when they had helped the Allied cause against the people of their own religion. These were the 'two wrongs' so often mentioned by Mahatma Gandhi and his followers. They were called the 'Punjab' and 'Khilafat' wrongs. Self-government was long overdue, and it must be speedily obtained so that such injustices might not happen again.

I was not present in India when the preparations for the Noncoöperation movement began. I know, however, that Mahatma Gandhi employed every effort he could think of before taking the final step. For passive resistance, with him, always represents the last resort when every other method has failed.

This time, when the struggle opened, it was evident at once that the people had been schooled and disciplined in the practice of nonviolence as they had never been before. The Mussulmans, who believed in the sword, had entered into a solemn compact with Mahatma Gandhi not to use the sword as long as they took part in the movement. This compact was strictly observed. As a result, a Mussulman outbreak in the north, accompanied by bloodshed and violence, was happily prevented. During this critical time, the Viceroy and Governors went about with absolute safety owing to the passive character of the movement, which was strictly observed by Mussulmans and Hindus alike.

But though, among the educated classes, all violent revolutionary acts were rigidly banned and complete passive resistance was observed, yet among the masses in distant villages over such an immense area as the whole of India the violent temper of the people could not altogether be restrained. There the spirit of violence again and again appeared like a fire smouldering beneath the ashes. It was an ugly temper, altogether contrary to that mind which Mahatma Gandhi required in order to make his experiment successful. For unless good-will and friendship came at the last, when the will of the people had been accepted, the experiment would fail.

Mahatma Gandhi himself went about the country, and everywhere the simple village people flocked to him in tens of thousands. He drilled them and disciplined them in peaceful methods with all the power of his magnetic personality. His nearest followers in the different provinces made almost superhuman efforts in the same direction. But the whole movement grew beyond control. In Bombay, at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit, the conflagration broke out with all its force, and not even the presence of Mahatma Gandhi himself could stop it for some days. At last, at Chauri Chaura, a riot of a peculiarly brutal character occurred, in which Noncoöperators themselves, using their saintly leader's name, appear to have joined with the mob.

The agony of spirit which Mahatma Gandhi went through during those days is only known to those who were

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nearest to him. An angry meeting of leaders took place at Delhi. They wished to go forward in spite of the violence that had occurred, but Mahatma Gandhi refused to carry on the struggle in its further stages while violence was abroad. He sadly confessed, with an almost broken heart, that 'the spirit of violence was in the very air.' He was himself arrested almost immediately after this, and sentenced to imprisonment for six years. At his trial he took upon his own head the guilt for any act of violence which had been committed in his name. Nearly two years of that long sentence were passed in prison. The movement itself suffered greatly owing to the absence of its leader. Nevertheless, among a considerable number of his followers in every province his imprisonment meant a fresh consecration in acts of service and devotion. Throughout the length and breadth of India a new living energy is visible, which has changed the face of the country. Much of the spirit of subjection — the spirit of fear and flattery and weak concession — still remains. But a fearlessness and independence have entered into the hearts of the younger generation which mean nothing less than a revolution.

The Noncoöperation movement has by no means run its course. In some directions it has only started. In others it has come to an impasse. Yet it is quite possible, even at this early date, to look back and draw some lessons from it and consider how far its method has already helped forward the progress of world peace.

Let me give one instance, which I saw with my own eyes in the Punjab itself, where the warlike spirit is strongest and the restraint from physical violence most difficult. It will be remembered that the Punjabis had been the first to break out into open violence in the earlier struggle over the Rowlatt Act which I have already recorded. But at Guru-ka-bagh I saw them, during this present struggle, stand up against military police with no weapon in their hands. They were hurled to the ground, time after time, but they suffered it all joyfully without striking a single blow in return. I saw them one by one carried away stunned and senseless. But on the next day, when I visited them in the hospital and watched their faces, they were happy like children in their religious fervor as they uttered in reverence and love Mahatma Gandhi's name. When I asked them whether they would be prepared to go through the same suffering again, their faces lighted up with joy as they answered 'Yes.'

Mahatma Gandhi, during the last stage before his imprisonment, lamented the fact that 'popularity had dogged his steps.' He declared that if he had had only those hundred followers who implicitly believed in him and understood him, instead of the millions who shouted his name, he would have been able to win a victory for the truth in India as he had done in South Africa. It would appear that this most difficult lesson of working by the few and avoiding the excitement of multitudes had to be learned by bitter experience. He has been humble enough to learn it. The duty of bringing a great empire to repentance cannot be undertaken by a host of untrained and undisciplined men. In a passive-resistance struggle, the victory is only retarded when the shouts of the passionate multitudes drown the still, small voice of conscience. For it is this inner voice which has to be appealed to in true moral warfare if ultimate success is to be obtained.

But if individual men and women could be so inspired that even in isolation they would be prepared to carry

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out to the end this principle of suffering without retaliation, the influence of their lives over the hearts of men might be incalculably great. It is quality in this warfare that counts, not quantity. The salt of the earth must not lose its savor. The light of the truth must not be confused or obscured, but must shine like a lamp set on a high place. It is in this way, through individuals who have had the courage to believe and suffer and also to acknowledge their mistakes, that all the greatest spiritual movements in history have been adventured.

It has seemed to me, while I have watched with eager sympathy the course of Mahatma Gandhi's struggle, and taken part in certain phases of it which won my whole-hearted acceptance, that the lessons of failure have now at length been truly learned. A greater movement is about to begin, in which the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi's teaching will be carried out with firmer confidence and fuller certainty of ultimate victory. His followers will go far beyond the field of external politics to the principle of growth within the soul. They will learn more patiently first to reform and discipline themselves before they reform others.

In Mahatma Gandhi's own personality there has been a rare blending of the currents of the East and West in one stream. His early manhood, spent away from India in the midst of the fiercely aggressive pioneer life in South Africa, has given him a fiery energy of spirit which is almost volcanic in its power of upheaving the sluggish nature of men's minds. But all this strength of personality, which had been hardened into steel by contact with the opposition of the West, has been moulded and welded together with a temperament peculiar to his birth and ancestry in India and his Hindu religious tradition. This has been for generations producing a gentleness and refinement which eschewed violence and passion.

It is this twofold character in him that has made his movement so remarkable an event in the history of mankind. To the best minds in East and West alike the whole spiritual adventure of his life should prove powerfully arresting, as an attempt to combat evil in the world without once employing the dread ultimate arbitrament of physical force. To the West it has been an appeal — for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear — to abandon the material basis of power in dealing with the East, to give up relying upon 'white prestige,' and to assume normal human relations. To the East it has been a message of hope, recalling India to her own vast domain of inner spiritual strength, bidding her to throw aside timidity, feebleness, and sloth, and to declare in no uncertain voice the supremacy of man's soul. It may be that the 'moral equivalent for war,' which Mahatma Gandhi so fearlessly adventured forth to find, has not yet been gained, nor its regions of practice in human life yet wholly explored. But the shores of this land of promise and of peace toward which humanity is straining its eyes are not altogether now an unknown, harborless coast, owing to his agonizing strife. Its capes and headlands have already been marked out upon the chart, and soundings have been taken of an anchorage from the storm and a desired haven.

Let me close by quoting from a very remarkable Christmas editorial written last December by a Hindu leader, Mr. K. Natarajan, who was unabe to follow Mahatma Gandhi in many important points of the Noncoöperation programme, but yields to none in his devotion to him as a social and religious leader. It embodies sentiments which prevail everywhere in India to-day.

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More than nineteen hundred years ago, Jesus Christ was nailed upon the Cross by a Roman governor. The orthodox Jews who instigated Pilate to commit this infamous crime were no doubt satisfied that the great movement which Christ had set on foot had failed. Failed! It was Roman justice that had failed, it was Jewish bigotry that had failed. An empire which has ceased to heed the voice of justice and humanity in the pursuit of its own selfish interests, which are always ephemeral, is like a rotten tree which but awaits the first passing blast to come to the ground. The Roman Empire fell, and upon its ruins the Church of Christ rose to a great height of power. And to-day, though organized Christianity but feebly reflects the spirit of its Master, the personality of the Master Himself stands forth before all the world wth a compelling grandeur.

Never before have so many earnest minds of all races and creeds turned to Him for light and guidance in their perplexities. The number and insight of the new Lives of Christ are alone evidence of this fresh and deepened interest in His life and teaching. But the most impressive proof of it is that Mahatma Gandhi, a Hindu, has sought for the first time in history to apply the Master's teaching to politics as the best means of raising the people of India to a consciousness of their duty to themselves and to humanity. . . .

Mahatma Gandhi's movement has made the central teaching of Christ known and cherished in quarters to which a hundred years of the propaganda of Christian missions had not been able to penetrate. And it has presented it in a form readily assimilable to the Indian mind. Not only among Hindus but among Indian Christians also are being revealed a new meaning and a new purpose in the message of the Galilean Prophet, not antagonistic to or destructive of their precious national heritage, but setting it forth in its full intrinsic worth and value.

These are the words, not of an Indian Christian, but of a Hindu social reformer. They may serve to show the importance of considering carefully and fully the meaning and implication of the movement to which they refer.

THE BRAZILIAN

BY RONALD DE CARVALLO

[*This article is the conclusion of a series of studies of the various racial elements that have intermingled to make the Brazilian of to-day.*]

From the *Brazilian American, December* 29
(Rio de Janeiro American Weekly)

The Portuguese bequeath us energy, the Indians plasticity of imagination, the Africans ardent sensibility. From the mingling of these three primitive elements springs the type of the genuine Brazilian, a type of such prepotency that it has been able to resist, without losing its characteristics, and even to absorb, while more and more improving their aspects and their intelligence, the foreign elements that have resulted from the immigration of Italians, Germans, Poles, Russians, Syrians, and Arabs, who began to mingle with it from the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the centres of greatest fusion, as in the State of São Paulo, it is easy to prove the prepotency

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of the natives over the colonists, whose children rapidly adapt themselves to the conditions of their environment and become amalgamated with the great Brazilian community.

Passing over certain variations of slight significance, we can distinguish in this ethnic and social mass two definite types: the type of the interior and that of the littoral.

The man of the interior is sober, gaunt, self-confident, and superstitious, rarely aggressive, impetuous in his outbursts, silent, — like the immense plain in which he was born, — slow in his movements, and moderate in his speech, and above all impregnated with an indefinable melancholy that reveals itself in his glance, his cloudy countenance, his shy smile, his general air, and all the sharp turns of his agile body, composed, as it were, of flexible steel.

Euclides da Cunha said, in one of the 'etchings' of his famous epopee, *Os Sertões*, as we call our 'Hinterland': —

'He lacks the perfect symmetry, the poise, the correct structure, of an athlete. He is uncultured, uncouth, warped. A Hercules-Quasimodo, he reflects in his aspect the timid ugliness of the weak. His walk — lacking in firmness and poise, as if hesitating and uncertain — seems a movement of inarticulated members. This is even aggravated by his normally gloomy attitude of manifest discontent, which gives him an air of dejected humility.

'When he is on foot, he invariably leans against the first doorway or wall he encounters. On horseback, if he checks his animal to exchange two words with an acquaintance, he immediately drops one of the stirrups, and swings his leg over the horn of the saddle. In motion, even when going at a rapid pace, he never follows a straight, invariable line. He advances rapidly but in a characteristic meandering, for which winding frontier trails seem to have been the pattern; and if he stops and dismounts for the most trivial reason — to roll a cigarette or to strike fire from his tinder box or to engage in the briefest sort of conversation with another traveler — he at once squats, — 'squat' is the proper verb, — squats and remains for a long time in a position of unstable equilibrium in which his whole body gravitates toward his toes, while he sits on his heels, with a simplicity that is at one and the same time ridiculous and likable. He seems to be always tired.

'Nevertheless, this appearance of weariness is deceptive. Nothing is more startling than to see this apathetic indolence vanish. All that is needed is some motive to arouse his slumbering energies; then the man is transfigured. He straightens up, dons a new attitude, a new caste of countenance, a new manner; his head assumes an erect position on his powerful shoulders, his countenance becomes animated by a vigorous and daring look; all the effects of the habitual relaxation of his members are quickly corrected by an instantaneous nervous start; and from the form of the vulgar, perplexed 'rancher' emerges, as if by enchantment, the dominating figure of a resolute and powerful Titan, a marvelous revelation of extraordinary strength and agility.'

The man of the littoral, on the contrary, is nervous and of exquisite sensibility; he smiles and possesses a brilliant imagination and a playful habit of thought; he is artistic and prefers colorful images to abstract ideas; he is slender and well proportioned; he speaks best when he improvises; in affairs he carries himself with ease and at times with daring; his own opinions are the only ones he respects; and he is proud and high-spirited.

There is, however, in the character of the men of the *sertão* and of the littoral

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a common basis of melancholy and voluptuous fatalism, which the latter have succeeded better in disguising. The sentiment of our popular creations — our music and our poetry — is essentially elegiac. *Saudade*, terror and resignation, mingle their distressing voices in the lugubrious cadences of our songs.

A sorte, nós bem sabemos,
E' tal qual uma mulher,
Que quer, quando não queremos,
Alma no corpo não tenho,
Minha existencia é fingida,
Sou como o tronco quebrado
Que dá sombra sem ter vida,
Parece troça, parece,
Mas é verdade patente,
Que a gente nunca se esquece
De quem se esquece da gente.

[Fate, as we well know,
Is just like a woman,
Who wants something when we do not
And when we want it wants it not.

Soul in my body I have none;
I exist only in appearance.
I am like a fallen tree
That still gives shade though robbed of life.

Absurd as it seems,
It is a patent truth
That the people never forget
The man who forgets the people.]

Among many others there is a quatrain which our troubadours sing to the twanging of guitars and the sad accompaniment of flutes, and which translates perfectly the sadness of the Brazilian in the presence of the universe: —

Mente quem diz nesta vida
Muitos males ter soffrido.
Só de um mal a gente soffre,
E' do mal de ter nascido.

[He lies who says that in this life
He has suffered many ills.
For we suffer one ill only —
The ill of being born.]

Doubtless all nations have their melancholy moods, for laughter is not granted any man without alloy, but the lonely lyricism of the Brazilian is unique. Why are we sad? Why is our merriment artificial and affected, even when we seek most to divert ourselves? Though cordial, hospitable, and courteous, and at times indiscreetly frank in the manner and in the colorful eloquence of his facile speech, the Brazilian is always loyal, but is also always reserved.

We are dominated, attracted, fascinated, by the immensity of the land that we have won at the cost of an exhausting struggle, but which we have not been able wholly to subdue. Man does not tame nature in Brazil, for she is still under the stress of primitive geological cataclysms and transformations. Along the Amazon a phenomenon occurs which eloquently illustrates this. It is what the *sertanejos* call a landslide. There is no drama of the forest that more thoroughly characterizes the fundamental tragedy of our painful efforts to subdue nature to our uses than this terrible telluric calamity.

The Brazilian pioneer — after conquering every obstacle, after ascending cataracts and crossing mangrove swamps, where the enormous *securís*, formidable serpents larger than the pythons themselves, conceal their colossal coils — lays the foundation of a settlement on the banks of the largest river in the world. He struggles day after day, axe in hand, with the savage forests of the tropics. He assaults the trunks of the millenary chestnuts, lays low the majestic *perobeiras*, and gradually drives back the jungle from his little clearing. His wife aids him, his sons help him. His superhuman struggle seems unheroic in its humdrum aspect of a mute, inglorious combat with nature day after day. But these pioneers are heroes in their devotion to duty, in their intrepidity in facing fate. They are heroes by force of circumstance.

Little by little around the modest

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improvised *tapera*, or the humble hut covered with branches of *ubí*, other rude and picturesque structures rise. Kinsmen and friends of the first settler arrive in their *montarias*, ready to face the dangers and privations of the wilderness with the same undaunted spirit. With their axes they clear the forest; they sally forth with bowls to collect the sap of the neighboring rubber trees. The nucleus of a future city seems to have been planted. Young, newly seeded gardens and meadows begin to show their verdure. Indian corn, beans, manioc, and banana groves spring up in all directions. The precarious life of the pioneer promises soon to be transformed into the secure prosperity of a civilized settlement. Cheerful plenty smiles in hospitable homes. The products of the chase, the fish of the stream, the wild fruits of the forest add their variety to the rude but prodigal fare. The guitar and the flageolet begin to waken the solemn echoes of the immense solitudes. Man trusts in his destiny — in the destiny which he himself has created.

Meanwhile, however, the Amazonian waters have been secretly undermining the new foothold that the invader of their virgin recesses has so presumptuously established. The gods of the wilderness, outraged and humiliated, prepare to avenge themselves for the insult that the white man has wrought upon them. Suddenly, without any premonition, with a dull and terrible roar, the earth trembles, slips, and buries itself in the bosom of an enormous abyss that extends for over six thousand miles, dragging down in its sudden ruin men, women, children, animals, and plants in an overwhelming vertigo, in a monstrous vortex, in a frightful commingling with gigantic trees that their centuries of stored-up sturdiness and strength have not protected from the river's rage. Over the spot where the heroic pioneer has toiled and labored and dreamed sweeps the foamy sheet of the current, bathing in its turbid waters his life, together with his hopes.

Senhor Graça Aranha, in his admirable *Esthetica da vida*, describes the spirit of the Brazilian in his constant conflict with the exuberant nature of the tropics as torn with the anguish of an exile set down in an abnormal and paradoxical environment; and in truth the Brazilian does struggle all his life with a forbidding nature, seldom generous toward her human suitors. He has to struggle with her unceasingly in order not to be crushed by her as were the Indians. He pays for a moment's remissness with suffocation in her luxuriant embrace. If he is not constantly vigilant, the forest encircles him, casts its powerful tentacles around him, and wrests from him all he has so painfully conquered from it.

Yes, the Brazilian has been faced with a sterner task than the other pioneers of America — those who colonized Rio de la Plata, with its rolling prairies and low hills; those who settled in Mexico and Peru, already possessing an advanced civilization. The Brazilian has had to build his house from its foundations. The history of the struggle is indelibly recorded in the manifold expressions of his brooding and melancholy soul.

Yes, this is the secret of that melancholy, and the secret also of the tenacious and obstinate character of the race, which enables it to absorb and assimilate the most discordant ethnic elements from all the migratory currents that have flowed to our shores from the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Baltic.

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THE LOUVRE REVISITED

BY E. V. LUCAS

From the *Times, January* 10
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

To compare the Louvre as a whole with the National Gallery would be absurd. In order to institute any fair comparison one would have to take on the one side the Louvre and on the other the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. It must be understood, then, that by the Louvre I mean here the rooms in the Louvre that are given to painting, and I shall make only this passing reference to such recent bequests that have enriched it as the Chauchard collection of large Barbizon School pictures, the Thomy-Thierret collection of small Barbizon School pictures, and the Camondo collection of works by the later impressionists, such as Manet, Monet, Sisley, Degas, and Cézanne.

The Louvre naturally is numerically strongest in French painting, as the National Gallery is numerically strongest in British painting. It has finer examples of every French painter than we have, just as we have finer examples of our own school. Each of us has, however, a certain amount of the other's work, and the Louvre possesses an example of Bonington — a full-size portrait of an old lady — such as I have never seen in England at all. Its Constables are also very interesting, although not so fine or varied as ours, and looking at them it is easy to see how great an influence both he and Bonington exerted on the susceptible young artists who went to the Salon of 1824 and were captivated by the bold and faithful English work there. But for the presence of Constable (The Hay Wain) and Bonington, but especially Constable, at that exhibition, the Barbizon movement might have been very different or not at all.

In the other scale we may put Claude, who is not surpassed at the Louvre by the two pictures — the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca and the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba — which Turner selected as perpetual rivals to his own genius in the National Gallery. For the rest, it has to be admitted that neither the National Gallery nor the Louvre gives any adequate representation of its neighbor's art. One or two of our Poussins are good, but there is nothing to compare with the Louvre's finest examples. To some extent the deficiency is made good by the display of the Fête Champêtre school at Hertford House, where also may be found further examples of Rigaud and Champaigne and other of the great French portrait-painters; but into the present survey the Wallace Collection does not enter.

The Louvre was not built for a picture gallery, but it has been well adapted. One of the advantages of this lack of scientific structure is that there are occasionally windows at which one may rest and refresh the vision tired by the exacting task of constant refocusing. How pleasant are the glimpses of the Tuileries thus gained; of the Arno and the hills about Florence, from the Uffizi; of the Theater-Platz and the Elbe at Dresden!

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The foundations of the collections of the Louvre were laid by Louis XI, who, when in alliance with the Medici against Pope Sixtus, became an enthusiast for Italian painting and persuaded artists to join his service. His son, Charles VIII, followed in his footsteps, but it remained for Francis I, whose portrait by Titian is in the gallery, to provide the finest works. He it was who, in addition to countless other pictures from Italy, acquired Leonardo's Mona Lisa and gave the old painter a home in the Château of Amboise to end his days in; he was the employer also of Cellini and Andrea del Sarto, who, the story goes, on returning to Italy with funds to purchase more pictures for the royal collection, used the money to build a new house.

Louis XIV, many years later, had similar enthusiasms and bought pictures freely, including Mazarin's collection, so that early in the eighteenth century the Cabinet du Roi contained more than two thousand paintings alone, as well as a vast number of drawings. One of the acts of the Revolutionists was to convert the Louvre into a Musée Nationale, which, under Napoleon, reached its highest level, for his generals had orders to bring back works of art from whatever countries they conquered. Much of this loot was restored to its earlier owners, and very interesting would be a list of what we might see now but for this act of restitution: much remained in Paris.

Since Napoleon's day many valuable bequests of large collections have been made, chiefly the La Caze collection in 1869, numbering nearly three hundred pictures, among them the Chardins. Single additions are constant. In walking through the rooms I always look for the label, which states that the picture is the gift of the Société des Amis du Louvre, that excellent group of enthusiasts who have enriched it at every turn. Our own National Art-Collections Fund does similar work, but differs in not confining its benefactions to any one gallery.

In the old days of the Salon Carré one knew at a glance what the Louvre authorities considered to be their finest foreign treasures, for they were there; but under the new arrangement they are distributed, and the Salon Carré is now the domain chiefly of Paul Veronese. Not till we come to the centre of the long gallery do we find Leonardo's Mona Lisa and Saint Anne, having passed another version — and in inferior condition — of our own Virgin of the Rocks on the way thither Correggio's Mystical Marriage of Saint Catherine and its pendant, Giorgione's Concert Champêtre; Raphael's Jeanne d'Aragon, and the little Saint George and Saint Michael, which are not better than our Knight's Dream of Good and Evil, of the same size and manner, all three painted for the Duke of Urbino. To these Raphaels must be added the Belle Jardinière Madonna and the magnificent portrait of Balthasar Castiglione. The Titian chosen for this central compartment is the Allegory painted in honor of Alphonse d'Avalos, to which must be added, on the walls elsewhere, the adorable Vierge au Lapin, the Entombment, the François I, and The Man with a Glove — all masterpieces from the great glowing hand.

And then there are the groups of pictures, of a magnitude with which we in Trafalgar Square are quite unable to cope: the multitude of Rubenses, ranging from the theatrical Marie de Medici series to the portrait of Hélène Fourment and her two boys, and all the other works of the brilliant and fertile syndicate of which Sir Peter Paul was the managing director; the Van Dycks, which include the famous Charles I beside his horse, the delicate Duke of Richmond wearing fencing-

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clothes, and a new and splendid example from his brush in a more independent mood, The Flute Player, in one of the little rooms; the Rembrandts, among which are the Christ at Emmaus, the Venus and Cupid, the Bathsheba, and the portraits of himself and of his brother, and that astonishing flying angel in the little picture of Tobit. Velasquez is seen to more advantage in our National Gallery, but here is Murillo in all his moods, rapt and realistic, and doubtless if Maréchal Soult — that picture-dealer at the point of the bayonet — had had his way with Madrid as with Seville there would be Velasquezes in profusion, too. One of the latest acquisitions, by the way, is a dead turkey to which Velasquez's name is given. I am not qualified to question the ascription.

Other outstanding foreign masterpieces are the two Botticelli frescoes from the Villa Lemmi, on the staircase, which I personally always visit first and last; the Saint Sebastian of Mantegna; the Vierge au Donateur of Van Eyck and the Vierge aux Donateurs of Memling; the Holy Trinity and Charity of Andrea del Sarto; the portrait of a wistful young man by Franciabigio; the old bibulous priest and the little radiant boy, by Ghirlandaio; the sketch for a Calvary by Veronese; the sketches for two walls or ceilings by Tiepolo, very sensibly isolated on a revolving screen in a window; El Greco's portrait of King Ferdinand; two or three of the best Jordaenses out of Belgium; Frans Hals's La Bohémienne and his pupil Brouwer's Le Fumeur; Dürer's portrait of himself as a young man; Holbein's Anne of Cleves; and Vermeer's Dentellière. Among recent additions to the Flemish works is a very striking old Brueghel, a barn, which might have been painted yesterday.

The Vermeer is perhaps the very jewel of the cabinets, which are entered by the stairs on each side between the Van Dyck room and the great Salon in which the Marie de Medici series — that most flamboyant and lavish homage to a princess ever perpetrated — is found. The cabinets, which are now open only on fixed days, are badly lighted and therefore fine weather is essential. The Dutch paintings assembled here are of the best and should be better placed.

Were I not confining these selections to foreign schools, — taking, as I have said, the Louvre's wealth in French painting as granted, — how much longer would the list be!

The Louvre, which was free until a year or so ago, now makes a charge of a franc. This is a legacy of the war, which we, in part, have inherited too. One would like to see all galleries free, except possibly on students' days, and my own hope is that a return to the old generous — or rather just — routine may not be long delayed. Not all the Louvre, it should be noted, is now open every day; a restriction due, I imagine, to the cost of the attendants. On one day, for example, the little cabinets containing the small Dutch pictures cannot be seen; on another the Camondo collection; and so on. A time-table is fixed at the entrance, but that is a poor consolation to a visitor in a hurry bent upon another sight of Van Eyck's Vierge au Donateur or Vermeer's Dentellière downstairs, or Corot's Fillette à sa Toilette, or Sisley's Floods at Marly on high. Few disappointments are more acute than, after fixing one's mind on seeing a certain picture, to find it surrounded by barbed red-tape. Possibly, however, as the world's finances improve, all the rooms will be on view again all the time.

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MASSACRE

BY COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE

[Colonel Lawrence is one of the most romantic figures of the World War. Prior to 1914 he was an Oxford archæologist. It was the charm of his personality and his mastery of Arabic that won the Emir (now King) Feisal to the British cause and led eventually to the quiet English don's being created a Prince of Mecca. The adventure which he here recounts helps to explain why the Sultan's Government placed a price on his head.]

From the *Winter Owl*
(London Miscellany)

At dawn we returned a little on our tracks till we were invisible from the railway, and then marched south across a sandy plain, — full of tracks of gazelle, oryx, and ostrich, with in one place the pad-marks of a leopard, — making for a low range of hills which bounded the far side. Zaal said that the line curved where it met these hills, and that their last spurs commanded the track and would give us good positions for our rifles and Lewis guns. So we went straight across the flat till we were in cover of the ridges, and then turned east in them till we were within half a mile of the railway. There we halted our camels in a narrow valley thirty feet deep, and six of us went forward on foot toward the line, which here bent a little eastward, to avoid the higher ground under our feet.

We found the ridge ended in a flat table, fifty feet above the line and only thirty yards from the metals, which ran on a ten-foot bank across the mouth of the valley where our raiding party were hiding. The valley cut the line about a hundred yards north of the ridge on which we stood, and over it was thrown a bridge of two small masonry arches. This seemed an ideal place to lay the mine of high explosive with which we hoped to derail the Turkish train we had come here to attack. It was our first experiment in mining trains, and we were not sure what would happen; but it stood to reason that if the charge was laid over an arch the job would be surer: the locomotive might or might not be shattered; the bridge certainly would go, and the remainder of the train must be derailed. The ridge would make a good place for the trench mortars and the Lewis guns.

We walked back to our camels and unloaded them, and sent them away over the first three or four ridges to pasture in safety. The rest of the men — we were only a small party of one hundred Arabs of the Howeitat tribe — carried down the Stokes gun and its shells, the machine guns, the blasting gelatine, the insulated wire, the magneto, and the tools. The two sergeants, Stokes an Englishman and Lewis an Australian, began to set up their toys on the higher ground, while we went down to the bridge and began to dig out a bed for the mine between the ends of two steel sleepers. The explosive was kneaded into a lump, like Turkish delight; it just filled a fifty-pound sandbag, and made a convenient package for a man to carry.

The burying of it was not easy. The railway bank was steep, and had, sheltered on its west side, a deep hollow,

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which the wind had filled with sand. No one crossed this but myself, stepping very carefully, and yet unavoidably I left deep prints all over it. The ballast of the line, which had to be dug out to make a hole for the gelatine, could not be scattered on this sand without promptly attracting attention, and at last I found the easiest thing was to gather it all up in my cloak, carry it in repeated journeys along the line to a far culvert, and strew it there naturally about the bed of the stony watercourse beneath. It took nearly two hours to finish the digging, and cover up the charge so that it was invisible to the most careful eye.

After that the unrolling of the heavy wires from the detonator to the hills behind, from which we would fire the mine, was a difficult job and scarred the wind-rippled surface of the sand with long lines like the belly-marks of preposterously narrow heavy snakes. The top sand was crusted, and had to be broken through to bury the wires. They were stiff wires, and when buried in one place immediately rose into the air in another, so that at last to force them to lie still I had to make a considerable disturbance of the ground and weigh them down with rocks, which in turn had to be buried. Then it was necessary to go back over the ground and brush off all the marks with a sandbag, used like a stipple to get a wave-like surface; finally, with a bellows and long sweeps of my cloak, I got it all to settle as though laid smooth by the wind. In all it took five hours before everything was finished, but then it was quite well finished and none of us could see where the charge was, or that there were double wires leading out underground from it to the ridges two hundred yards away below our gun-positions.

The wires were just long enough to cross the first ridge into a little depression a yard deep, and there I brought them to the surface and connected them with the electric exploder. It was an ideal firing-point, except that from it the bridge was not visible. However, by going forward fifty yards to the peak of the ridge, a place was found from which both bridge and exploder were in easy view. I could stand there and give the signal when the engine was in position, and someone safe in the hollow could then press the button to explode the mine. Salem, the leader of the five slaves lent me by Feisal, asked for this honorable duty, and obtained it by common consent. The end of the afternoon was spent in showing him what to do with the disconnected exploder, till at least he was act-perfect and could push down the ratchet when necessary.

We all walked back to camp together, leaving one man on watch near the line. We arrived at our baggage to find it deserted, and could not see the others anywhere, till by chance I looked up and suddenly there they were, sitting all in a line in the golden light of sunset on the crest of a high ridge just south of us. We yelled to them to lie down and come down, but they sat there on their perch like a school of hooded crows, till I ran up and threw them off the skyline, one by one. However, it was too late. The Turks in a little hill-post by Hallat Ammar, four miles south of us, had seen them and had already opened fire, in their alarm, into all the long shadows which the declining sun was pushing gradually up the slopes toward them. Bedouins have an abiding contempt for the stupidity of the Turks, and take no care in fighting them. Against other Arabs they are past masters in the art of using country, but they regard the Turks as unworthy of such refinement. This ridge was visible at once from

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Mudowwara and from Hallat Ammar, and they had frightened both posts by their sudden unexpected appearance.

However, it was too late to do anything but fume inwardly and rile them outwardly by a lecture on the elementary principle of surprise in attack — a lesson they took very smartingly from such a novice in raiding-warfare. Then the dark closed on us, and we determined to sleep away the night patiently, in hope of a new lease of activity on the morrow. There was just a chance that the Turks would not grasp our purpose, and would believe us gone if they saw nothing in the morning. That would give us time to carry out our project of destruction. So we lit fires in a deep hollow and baked bread, and were comfortable. The common work and danger had reconciled the three sections of which the party was made up, so that this night we drew together into a single group, and the incident of the hilltop shamed them, on reflection, into agreeing that Zaal, the finest fighter of us all, should be in direct command.

Day broke quietly, and for hours we watched the deserted railway and the peaceful camps along it. We kept safely hidden ourselves, thanks to the constant guard of Zaal and his cousin, who managed with great difficulty to limit the incurable restlessness of the Arabs. Bedouins will never sit down and be at peace for ten minutes, but must fidget about and do or say something. In this respect they are very inferior to Englishmen for the long strain of a waiting war, and it accounts for much of their uncertainty in defense. To-day they made us very angry.

Perhaps, after all, the Turks saw us, for about nine o'clock a force of some forty men came out of the tents on the hilltop away to the south and began to advance in open order toward us. If we left them alone they would reach our position in an hour. If we opposed them strongly and held them or drove them back it would give the alarm to the railway and the midday train would be stopped till all was clear. It was a quandary, and eventually we settled it to our mind by sending against them thirty men, with orders to check them gradually and lightly, and if possible to draw them off by retiring westward, away from us and the line, into the broken hills where regular troops would not dare to follow. This might hide our main position from them.

For some hours it worked as we had hoped, and the firing grew desultory and more distant. A patrol came out confidently from the south and walked up examining the line before giving the 'all clear' signal for trains to proceed. They passed our ridge and over the mine and on toward Mudowwara without noticing us or any traces of our work. There were eight soldiers and a very fat corporal, who was feeling the heat. After he had passed us by a mile or so the fatigue became too much for him. It was now eleven-thirty, and really warm. So he halted his party and marched them down the bank into the shade of a long culvert, under whose arches a cool draft from the east was gently blowing; and there in comfort they lay down on the soft sand, drank water from their bottles, and slept a little.

At noon we had a new trouble, for a large patrol of about one hundred men came out of Mudowwara station and made straight across the sandy plain toward our position. They were coming very slowly, and no doubt unwillingly, for every good Turk in Arabia likes his midday sleep; but they could hardly take more than two hours to reach us. The position we were in was becoming impossible; we prepared to pack up and move off, having decided to leave

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the mine and its leads in place in the hope that the Turks would not find them, and so we might be able to return on some later day and take advantage of all the exacting work we had put in while burying them with such care.

When we were ready we sent off a messenger to tell our covering force on the south to meet us farther up. Hardly had he gone when the watchman cried out that smoke in clouds was rising from Hallat Ammar station. Zaal and I rushed uphill and saw that there was indeed a train waiting there. We told the men to delay their start; then, as we were watching through our glasses, the train suddenly began to move out in our direction. We yelled to the Arabs to get down to the prepared position as quickly as possible, and there was a wild scramble over the sand and rocks into place. Stokes and Lewis had boots on, so did not win the race; but they came well up. They were in luck, for the train, being from the south, would pass them before it was blown up. They would be just behind it, in the best firing-position. The Arabs were posted in a long line on the spur running north from the guns, past the exploder, to the level of the bridge. This meant that they would fire directly into the derailed carriages from the flank at a range of less then one hundred and fifty yards.

An Arab stood up on high ground behind the guns and shouted to us what the train was doing — a necessary precaution, for had it carried troops and stopped to detrain them behind the gun-ridge we should have had to change like a flash to cover our retreat uphill for dear life. Fortunately it held on, at all the speed its two locomotives could make on the wood fuel. As it drew near the place where we had been reported by the Hallat Ammar garrison, it opened a hot random fire into the desert where we were supposed to be. I could hear the racket coming as I sat on my hillock waiting to give the signal to Salem, who was dancing round the exploder on his knees, crying with excitement and calling urgently on God to make him fruitful. The Turkish fire sounded very heavy; and I began to wonder with how many men we would have to deal, and if the mine would be advantage enough to enable our eighty to take them on successfully. The range was so short that an affray would be a desperate one, and I knew the Arabs were not whole-hearted. It would have been better if our first experiment had been more simple.

At that moment the engines, looking very big, rocked into view round the bend, traveling their fastest. Behind them were ten box-wagons, all obviously crowded, for rifle-muzzles were sticking through the windows and doors, and there were little sandbag rests on the flat roofs to which Turks were clinging precariously and shooting out at us. The two engines were a surprise, and I decided on the moment to fire the charge under the second, so that however little its effect the uninjured one would not be able to uncouple and drag the trucks away. Accordingly when the first driving wheel of the second engine was on the culvert I signed to Salem, and an instant later there was a terrific roar from the line and everything vanished from sight behind a jetted column of black dust and smoke a hundred feet high and as many wide. Out of the darkness came a series of shattering crashes and long loud metallic clangings of ripped steel, while many lumps of iron plate and one whole wheel of a locomotive whirled up suddenly out of the cloud against the sun and sailed over our heads to fall slowly and heavily into the desert beyond. Except for the whir of these, there followed a dead silence, with no

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cry of men or noise of shooting, while the now gray mist of the explosion drifted toward us and over our ridge till it faded into the hills.

I took advantage of this interval to get out of the way of shots and ran southward toward the sergeants, my chief responsibility. As I passed Salem, he picked up his rifle and charged forward into the murk. Before I reached the guns the whole hollow was alive with shots, and the brown figures of the Bedouins were leaping forward to get to grips with the enemy. I looked back to see what was happening so quickly, and saw the carriages were being riddled through and through by our bullets, and that the Turks were jumping out from the far doors to gain the shelter of the railway embankment. Just then the machine guns chattered out over my head, and the long line of Turks on the carriage roofs rolled over and were swept off the top like bales of cotton; the shower of bullets drove over the roofs in a storm, splashing clouds of yellow chips from the planking. The dominant position of the guns had been a positive advantage to us so far.

When I reached Stokes and Lewis the engagement had taken another turn. The Turks — or such of them as yet lived — had got into shelter behind the bank, here about eleven feet high, and from the safe cover of the wagon wheels were firing point-blank across the sandy hollow at Bedouins only twenty yards away. The enemy were now in the crescent of the curving line, secure from the machine guns; but Stokes at once slipped his first shell into the gun, and a few seconds later there was a crash behind the bank as the shell burst just beyond in the flat desert east of the line. He touched the elevating screw and slipped in his second shot. This burst just behind the carriages, in the bed below the bridge where the remaining Turks were taking refuge. It made a shambles of the place, and the survivors broke out eastward in a panic into the desert, throwing away their rifles and equipment as they ran. The Lewis gunners now had their chance, and the sergeant grimly traversed with drum after drum into their ranks, till the open sand was trailed with dead bodies. Mushagraf, the Sherari boy with the second gun, saw that the fight was over and threw aside his weapon with a yell to dash down at full speed into the hollow and join the others, who were beginning like wild beasts to tear open the carriages and fall to plunder. The fight had taken nearly ten minutes.

I looked northward and saw the Mudowwara patrol falling back uncertainly on the line to meet the fugitives from the train, who were running their fastest toward them. To the south our thirty men had broken off the action, and were cantering in upon their camels to share our work. The Turkish force in contact with them saw them go, and began to move northward with infinite precaution, firing heavy volleys as they came. It was clear that we should have half an hour clear, and after that a double difficulty, so I ran down to the ruins to see what damage the explosion had done. I found the bridge all gone, and the front wagon fallen into the hole where it had been. This wagon had been filled with sick, and the explosion had killed all but three or four, and rolled dead and dying into a bleeding heap against the splintered end. One of these men, still conscious, cried out to me that they were typhus cases. So I closed the sliding door and left them there.

All the succeeding wagons were derailed and smashed. Some had their frames irreparably buckled. The second engine was a smoking blanched pile of loose iron. The driving wheels

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had been blown upward, tearing off the side of the boiler, and the cab and tender were twisted into strips. The front engine was heavily derailed, lying half over on its side with its cab burst open, but otherwise intact, and its steam still at pressure. Our greatest aim was to destroy the engines, and, to make sure, I had kept in my arms a box of guncotton, ready detonated for an emergency. I now put it on the outside cylinder and lit the fuse. It would have been better on the fire box, but not being an engineer I feared that the boiler might explode generally, and then my men, swarming like ants over the booty, might have suffered severely. It was impossible to wait till they had finished; they would loot until the Turks came and then flee for their lives. Victory makes an Arab force cease to exist.

It was a half-minute fuse, and the explosion blew the cylinder to smithers and the axle also, but hurt no one, because I got between the charge and the plunderers and drove them a little backward before it burst. At the time I felt somewhat distressed that enough damage had not been done, but, as it turned out, the Turks failed to mend it. The engines mattered so much to us because the Taurus tunnels were not completed, and so new stock could not be brought from Germany. Each locomotive the less meant so much less food to the Turkish armies in Medina and Palestine.

The valley was an extraordinary sight. The Arabs were raving mad, and were rushing about at top speed, bareheaded and half-naked, screaming, shooting in the air, clawing one another while they broke open the cars or staggered backward and forward with immense bales of goods. The train had been packed with troops and sick men and officers' families, and refugees from Medina, with all their movable property. The Arabs ripped open bundle after bundle and strewed the contents over the ground, smashing everything they did not like. There were about sixty carpets lying about, dozens of mattresses and quilts, blankets in heaps, clocks, clothes, cooking pots, ornaments, food, and weapons.

To one side were thirty or forty hysterical women, unveiled, and tearing their clothes and hair, shrieking themselves distracted. The Arabs never looked at them, but went on wrecking their household goods, looting their absolute fill for the first time in their lives. Camels had become common property, and each man was loading the nearest with all it could carry and then shoving it off westward while he turned to his next fancy. Everybody seemed to be snatching everybody's else pet treasures. The women saw me tolerably unemployed, and rushed yelling at me and caught at me with howls for mercy. I told them it was all going well, but they would not get away till at last I was freed by their husbands, who in yet stronger panic knocked and kicked away the women and themselves seized my feet in agonized terror of instant death. When a Turk breaks down it is a nasty spectacle; I let out as well as I could with my bare feet and escaped.

Then a group of Austrian gun-instructors, including officers, appealed to me quietly in Turkish for safe conduct. I replied in very halting German, whereupon one of them rushed into fluent English and begged for a doctor to attend to his wounds. I assured him we had no doctor, — not that it mattered, for his wound was mortal and he was dying, — but that we would leave him there untouched, and in an hour the Turks would return and care for him. However, he was dead before that; for a few minutes later a dispute broke out between the foreigners and

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some of my men, and all but three of the Austrians were killed before I could interfere.

Meanwhile Stokes and Lewis had come down to help me. This was not prudent, for the Arabs had lost their wits and were assaulting friend and foe alike. Three times I had to defend myself against them with my pistol, for they pretended not to know me, and tried to snatch my arms. The Australian went out east of the railway to count the thirty men he had killed in the open, and incidentally to find a little gold and other trophies in their haversacks. The Englishman strolled under the bridge, saw there twenty Turks blown to pieces by his second shell, and retired hurriedly.

We seemed to have suffered no loss, but it was difficult to learn the facts in the excitement. There were about ninety military prisoners, whom I sent off by themselves toward our appointed rendezvous a mile to the west. Ahmed then met me with his arms full of booty. I sent him at once to fetch our camels and the camels for the guns, since the Turks' firing was now close, and the Arabs, satiated with spoils, were escaping westward one by one, driving tottering camels before them.

Unfortunately Ahmed did not return, and no other of my servants was to be seen, and no camels. Only the sergeants and myself remained near the line, and we began to fear we might have to abandon the guns and run for it. As we were giving up hope we saw two camel-riders galloping back toward us. They were Zaal and Howeimil his cousin, who had just missed me and returned to the rescue, since they felt themselves our road-companions. We were rolling up the insulated wire, for it was all we had, and if we lost it we could wreck no more trains for some time. Zaal jumped down from his camel and would have us mount on it and behind Howeimil, while he ran on foot. Instead we couched the animal and put on it the wire and the exploder. Zaal found time and breath to laugh at our quaint booty, for the passengers had been full of gold and silver, and our people had carried off hundreds of pounds in their saddle-bags. Howeimil was dead lame from an old wound in the knee, so we could not dismount him; but we tied the Lewis guns neck to neck and slung them across his pommel like scissors and drove him off.

Just then Stokes reappeared, leading unskillfully by the nose a baggage-camel, which he had found straying in the valley. We packed his guns on this in great haste and sent them off inland at their fastest, while Lewis and Zaal and I made a fire of ammunition boxes and petrol and waste and threw on it all the Lewis drums, the spare small-arm ammunition, and on top, gingerly, some boxes of Stokes shells. Then we turned and ran. As the flames reached the cordite and ammonal there was a furious noise. The thousands of cartridges went off in series like nests of machine guns, and the Stokes shells roared off in thick columns of dust and smoke. The Turks on each flank felt that we were strongly posted and in force. They halted carefully, took cover, and began to move slowly eastward to surround our position and reconnoitre it according to rule . . . and by the five-hundred-yard gap so left on the west we marched quietly and speedily away into concealment among the hills.

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GETTING RICH QUICK

BY PIERRE MILLE

From *Le Temps, December* 13
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

'EXCUSE me,' said M. Coltat-Chamot as he stepped into the drawing-room of M. Costepierre, 'I see I 'm disturbing you.'

M. Costepierre laid his book on the table.

'*Faisons fortune* (Get Rich Quick),' said M. Coltat-Chamot, glancing down at the title. 'Your ordinary reading, my dear fellow, is of quite another sort. Are you at your age suffering from the thirst for riches? Do you want to become one of those magnates of whom everybody gossips, who are kings of something or other but without the responsibilities of monarchs — gold kings, iron kings, steel kings, oil kings?'

'*Ma foi, non,*' replied M. Costepierre. 'My regular speculations are strictly of the intellectual kind, and are quite unproductive. Just reflect on this word "speculations," which in our language is applied to the most disinterested intellectual investigations as well as to those whose object is to win and hold the goods of this world — more particularly the tokens that represent it. There must be some meaning in such a coincidence, and so, no doubt, one is as much an affair of the intellect as the other. It is perfectly legitimate for me, then, to want to know — just as there is an historical method and a scientific method for getting at natural facts and phenomena and drawing conclusions from them — whether the men who stay *dans le siècle,* if I may use that old expression, and who show themselves true and successful business men, may not possess a special method of their own, and also whether this method is general or quite individual.'

'The fellows who make fortunes,' declared M. Coltat-Chamot, 'are those with luck or those who get a straight tip when circumstances are in their favor.'

'That is the formula of the *Thousand and One Nights:* the blind man who finds a fortune if Allah wills; but even in a case like that the blind man must have seen the treasure somehow — I 'm sure I don't know how — and must now have to profit from the circumstances. Everybody could n't do it. You won't do much better to say, "It 's always the same people who make fortunes," just as it has been asserted that it is always the same people who get hurt. That shows they have a special gift.'

'Then the only question is whether the gift is communicable.'

'That 's what the author of my book says, M. Leonard Rosenthal, who makes no secret about the fact that he made a sizable fortune — I think it was with pearls — and that he has become, to use the slang of the day, a "pearl king."'

'Oh, a commercial fortune! But even admitting that his method can be applied to every kind of business, — and of course it is reasonable enough to think so, — would it apply equally well to industry? And even if we stick strictly to commerce, are there not certain lines in which the development of profits is somewhat limited? A book-

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seller can make a fortune; he can even make a pretty big fortune; but there is no use expecting him in our days to make an immense fortune, the fortune of a nabob. That 's why there has never been a book king while there have been iron kings and railroad kings.'

'Very true, but it seems to me that my author does not intend simply to suggest the way to get an immense fortune, but also the methods you must use to develop an enterprise, no matter what the amount of capital, once it has been set on its feet. He suggests a principle which must be right. He says that you cannot do anything without risk and without personal effort; but this personal effort ought to be almost limitless and continuous, while the risk, on the other hand, should be momentary and confined to realizable assets, to objects which do not exceed the intellectual means and materials at hand. This is the difference between the business man and the gambler. So the spirit, or, if you like, the genius of business is something like that of strategy. Ludendorff, for example, was a gambler. A real business man would despise him.'

'But you have to run risks sometimes.'

'Oh, yes, of course. The author insists on that, and he says clearly that the French never want to run risks. Yourself, for example. If you had only a hundred francs in your pocket, what would you do?'

'Why, I should arrange to make them last by cutting down expenses as much as I could and looking for a safe but sure job that would allow me to live.'

'Just so, and so would the immense majority of our countrymen, because we French are a nation of peasants, taught by hereditary farmers' instinct to economize, to know how to tighten our belts and scrape through on a very little, and how to increase that very little patiently by an effort which is the effort of successive generations as well as of the individual. Well, even in business or industry, most Frenchmen remain peasants. They are not afraid of work. They believe in working very hard. But a risk terrifies them. Now the author of this book, *Faisons fortune*, belongs to a different race which has been adapting itself to commerce and nothing else for thousands of years. When he was twenty years old, he found himself in Paris with two brothers to support, and a hundred-franc note. Within two weeks the rent for a little room in the Rue Mayran and the food for the three boys had used up fifty-eight francs.'

'Well, they might have tightened their belts like anybody else.'

'Never mind that. What would *you* have done with the forty-two francs that remained?'

'Why, I should have tried to make them last as long as I possibly could.'

'Of course you would, but what he did was to spend them. Just imagine him, he says in his book, with despair in his soul, wandering around the auction-rooms. Here he met another poor devil, as badly up against it as himself, a former cabinetmaker who, with his family, had met with the very worst kind of luck. He had sold everything, even his tools. They exchanged confidences, and the confidences were not by any means gay.

' "If I only had a hundred sous," said the cabinetmaker suddenly, "I 'd buy that Norman cabinet there."

' "What Norman cabinet?"

' "Why, don't you see that those boards lying on the floor, which they are going to auction off, belong to a Norman cabinet? It would be easy enough to put them together again and then sell them."

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'"Good," said Rosenthal. "I shall put into this deal (and what a deal it was!) my capital (what a little bit of capital!), and you shall put in your industry. We 'll divide the profits."

'The planks were sold for twelve francs. They had to rent a handcart and they had to buy tools, which used up a good deal of the forty-two francs. But the transaction left them a little profit, and with his share of it the author of my book began to buy other things, even dogs and pickled herrings. Four out of five deals turned out successfully, but one bad one pretty nearly wiped out the profits of the other four. In spite of that he contrived, within a few years, to get together a capital of about four thousand francs.

'One day at an auction he paid eleven thousand francs for a brooch. He had to borrow seven thousand francs to make up the sum. It was a rainy day and the light which came through the windows of the auction-room was rather deceptive. He went out with his new purchase and the sky cleared off. He looked at it in the open air. The diamonds in the brooch were worth little. They were black and only looked white because the mounting was transparent. They were almost as thin as paper. He went to a place where diamond merchants congregated and showed them what he had bought. They whistled and left him. Only one of the men stayed. "Tell me," he said, "how much did you pay for that thing?" Rosenthal never thought of lying. He showed his receipt for eleven thousand francs. "Well, I 'll give you seventy-five hundred francs."

'But then — then he was ruined, this poor little speculator just setting out in business. He would have just enough to pay off the seven thousand francs he borrowed and all that would be left would be five hundred francs. That was all. His life's work had to begin all over again, but he never hesitated a moment. He held up the brooch and said: "Take it."

'The other, an old man who knew more about the craft than he, pocketed the diamonds, and then slapped him on the shoulder. "My boy, you 'll get rich. You know how to lose." '

'And are these lessons drawn from personal memories?' asked M. Coltat-Chamot.

'For the most part — and the most interesting part, too. They have, as you say, the value of personal experience, and yet you can deduce certain general principles from them.'

'Then the book may do some good?'

'Yes, but to tell the truth, I don't think that it can do much good to many people in our country. Great fortunes can belong only to a small number, especially in France. They say that our peasants are making a good deal of money right now. Nothing more likely. But in spite of that they will never become multimillionaires. The smallness of their farms will limit their profits.'

'But that is no misfortune for the country. It is better that its soil should feed a great many people, who themselves own most of what they need, than that a few should swim in riches with which they do not know what to do; and it is a very good thing, it is a very wholesome thing, that there should exist others, among those whose intelligence is finest, whose tastes incline them to labors which cannot bring them any direct profit. A civilization in which the immense majority of the citizens pursued only the acquisition of material things, and a civilization which honored men only as they succeeded in this conquest, would be an abominable civilization — pure barbarism dressed in a golden cloak for a vulgar carnival.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A BALLADE OF ANCIENT COTTAGES

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

[*Outlook*]

'The cottages were three hundred years old, and ought to be demolished.' — Counsel in the Southwestern Police-Court, as reported in the *Times*.

THESE roofs have sheltered 'neath their trees
  Of pleasant folk a long array,
For better than three centuries
  They 've seen men toil, and children play;
  But Progress in its pleasing way
By such 'antiques' must not be cloyed,
  A learned counsel said to-day,
'They 're old, and ought to be destroyed.'

Let dotards argue as they please,
  We cannot let such bygones stay
To hinder picture-palaces
  From spreading Truth's most modern ray.
  What reason can be fit, I pray,
Against this thought to be employed?
  Is it not logical to say
They 're old, and ought to be destroyed?

Piety, grace, and things like these
  That prove man something more than clay,
Beauty, and such-like heresies,
  Are grown with age a trifle gray.
  'T were better they were swept away,
And in their place were left a void
  Where things might grow more new than they —
They 're old, and ought to be destroyed.

ENVOY

Prince, is it long since that young May
  Wherein to you there was envoyed
The first Ballade? You 've had your day.
  You 're old, and ought to be destroyed.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A BRILLIANT IRISH PLAY

THE Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which was the scene of the early triumphs of Lady Gregory, Yeats, and Synge, has come into its own again with a new play by Mr. Sean O'Casey, *Juno and the Paycock*. The play is an extraordinary mingling of light comedy which, from criticisms, appears to verge almost upon farce, with an undercurrent of the bitterest tragedy emerging emphatically at the end of the play, but yielding in the last few minutes of the action to the comic interest, so that the play ends — most unconventionally for a modern drama — in laughter.

Mr. O'Casey, like that other Irish dramatist, Mr. Shaw, is superior to the demands of the 'well-made play.' Analyzed — though nobody has any business to analyze a play — *Juno and the Paycock* seems to deal with a little bit of everything and to have no construction at all; but, having once safely broken all the rules, Mr. O'Casey contrives to produce a work which is universally praised, a few critics even venturing the adjective 'great.'

In Act I the audience sees the Doyle family living in a humble tenement and about to become public charges. Juno is the mother, the Paycock is her husband, who is out of work and given to the indigent habit of 'paycocking' around Dublin bars. There is a crippled son and a ne'er-do-well daughter. In the second act this dismal company suddenly learn, or at any rate believe they have learned, that the family is to receive a legacy. Their way of living changes instantly. The shabby room is filled with paper flowers, they buy a new phonograph, beer flows, the daughter becomes engaged to marry a young solicitor.

Then suddenly they find out that the legacy never existed. Their furniture is seized, the son is led out for execution at an oddly unprepared moment in the action, more like real life than the stage — real life, that is, as it was until recently in Ireland. Juno, the mother, after putting up with her worthless husband for thirty years, decides to leave him and devote herself to her daughter. The roaring comedy has become tragedy. Then, just at the end, the 'Captain' and his boon companion, Joxer, return to the room, both drunk, both quite unable to understand why it is deserted and why the furniture is gone.

It is a situation that requires careful handling and skillful writing on the part of the author. Mr. O'Casey's lines call up in the audience's mind what has gone before — not the tragedy but all the recent merrymaking. The two last characters on the stage are quite oblivious of tragedy, shrewd, beery, rather sodden. They settle down to talk a humorous, futile philosophy. The audience laughs.

The author of the play is a workingman who has written five other plays, only one of which has been produced. Yet of *June and the Paycock* a London critic says that 'the sooner it comes to London the better.' Mr. O'Casey earns his living by cleaning up a workingmen's club, and Liam O'Flaherty, writing in the London *Daily Herald*, describes him as 'so unused to congratulations that he nearly wrung my hand off.'

'As he dodged around the floor with his broom,' writes Mr. O'Flaherty, 'sweeping a piece of orange peel from under this form, knocking an empty

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packet of cigarettes off that form, he kept talking about Chekhov, the misery of the Irish workers, the origin of "Captain" Doyle, the greatest character in his play.

'His emaciated face, with the small eyes that seem to pierce one through and through and then wander off in another direction as if they were saying, "I 've seen through him," makes one feel that after all it is worth one's while to suffer in order to feel that spirit of divine rebellion that makes great art possible.'

✻

THE BALLET IN MODERN MOSCOW

WRITING from Moscow to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Herr Nikolaus Basseches describes the Russian ballet as it exists in Moscow to-day. He credits Tsarism with the creation of the national school of the ballet, but comments on the vast changes that have taken place since the day when local magnates had promising serf-girls trained by French and Italian masters to dance before their guests in private theatres and punished each false step by relentless expulsion from the theatre and return to ordinary toil. To-day, although the former Royal Opera is neglected and unkempt without, and a conventional gold-and-purple opera house within, it is the temple of a characteristic and unique Russian art.

Although Europe and America know a few of the more eminent Russian dancers, such as Pavlova, Balashova, Karsavina, and Gelzer, few outside of Russia have any idea of the number of young dancers who are making their way up in the ballet and are lending fresh personal color to their highly conservative art. Madame Gelzer finds a worthy successor in a younger dancer, Kandaurova, whose art shows clearly the influence of Gelzer's. In the Moscow ballet Madame Reisin is making a name for herself as a character dancer. Madame Adamovich is uniting classic and modern tendencies, while a new dancer, Madame Abramova, is displaying an extraordinary technique and high gifts as an actress.

Masculine rôles in the Moscow ballet are being filled by Zhukov and Tichomirov, who are supported by two actors, Riabtsev and Sidorov, the first a comedian who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary, and the second a highly effective Tsar in the *Humpback Pony*.

Herr Basseches suggests that in Berlin, Vienna, or Paris — he charitably omits the United States — these actors and dancers would long ago have been seen on the screen, but the Moscow theatres either scorn or neglect the idea.

The ballets themselves are evolving in several directions. The rich poetic material of colorful Russian legend and fairy tale is still being drawn upon. The régisseurs who treat it fall into several schools. One school, in which we may include Goleisovski, himself a product of the Great Theatre, is working toward a modern version of the classical ballet, seeking to infuse new light into the older forms. Another school is working toward the dramatic dance, and Isadora Duncan's barefoot dancing has not been without effect. One school is even developing a highly acrobatic form of dancing that tends in the direction of the circus. Of all the schools Herr Basseches observes: 'They spring up and vanish like soap bubbles, and as a rule serve only to strengthen the intense artistic life of Moscow.'

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MRS. THOMAS HARDY ON CIVILIZATION'S DECAY

As everybody knows, most professional pessimists are in private life bright,

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cheerful persons who are particularly merry at the breakfast table. We need not therefore despair too deeply of domesticity in the Hardy household. While Mr. Hardy writes his sombre but artistically irreproachable novels, Mrs. Hardy apparently spends her days speculating on the topic — now so popular — of the approaching decay of civilization. Quite obviously in their leisure hours the two pessimists must, in pure self-preservation, take refuge in uproarious glee. Whereas in public — ah, that 's another matter!

A few weeks ago Mrs. Hardy read a paper to the Manchester Debating Society. It was a much better paper than the average debating society usually listens to, but not quite so full of 'uplift.' Among other things Mrs. Hardy said: —

If some of the modern novels on night club life are true pictures, then the sooner modern civilization crumbles up and disappears the better.

Some of the most thoughtful observers of modern tendencies do not hesitate to declare their belief that civilization is approaching a long period of blight and decay. I have never gained reassurance in discussing the trend of civilization with anyone. The great danger of to-day is that life may become too mechanical in this age of machines.

Frequent cinema attendances might lead to mental stagnation.

I do not mean that civilization is flowing backward, though that may come later. It is flowing in the wrong direction.

It would have been possible for the human race to have advanced very far had it but chosen to battle with all the powers of evil, the poverty, misery, ignorance, ugliness, and disease that we are too ready to think are a legitimate part of human life.

❦

THE POPE'S COACHMAN

THE Rome correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has been interviewing Rinaldo Jacchini, who has been the Pope's coachman since the time of Pius IX. Born in 1844 and for sixty years a member of the Vatican household, the old man is still vigorous, though it is perhaps fortunate that the duties of coachman to a Pontiff who must not leave the Vatican grounds are not very arduous.

Limited though their use may be, the papal coaches are worthy of any monarch. The state coach, heavily bronzed and gilded, was built in 1825 and was used for the last time in 1870 by Pius IX. It is so big, with its groups of bronze angels, gold brackets, and other adornments, that horses eighteen hands high have to be used in order to correspond in appearance with the size of the vehicle they draw. There is also a mail coach, given to Pius IX by the King of Naples, another upholstered with rose damask, and a series of four- or six-horse coaches, one with a little red throne in it. Signor Jacchini drove Pope Pius IX into Rome for the last time on September 18, 1870, when he went to the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano and then to the Porta Pia, where he inspected the barricades and other defenses thrown up against the advancing Italian army.

'Leo XIII was aristocratic and dignified,' said Signor Jacchini. 'Every afternoon he drove in the Vatican gardens; and he was always escorted by a second carriage, with all the ceremonial of prelates, Noble Guards, and so forth, as before 1870. But Pius X said that all this was useless trouble; he went with a single prelate in the one carriage. He suffered in his legs, and rarely went out. Pius X gave little trouble. He was the simplest and the most cordial of the Popes I have met, while Benedetto XV had something of the lordliness of Leo XIII. But Benedetto XV did not restore the pomp in the gardens; he was content

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with a single carriage, and so is the present Pope.'

The coachman's favorite Pope was Pius X, although the old fellow hedged his opinion discreetly about with appropriate reserve. He described the midnight funeral procession of Pope Pius IX to the tomb prepared in the basilica of San Lorenzo outside the city walls, which took place during the period of violent hostility between the Government and the Vatican. The enemies of the Papacy almost mobbed the procession.

'But on the Piazza di Pasquino,' said the coachman, 'a gentleman approached the hearse and tried to place a wreath of flowers on it; he failed, however, and I bent down and took the wreath from him as I was driving the horses.'

Portions are still preserved, but, in Signor Jacchini's own words, 'so many people asked for a flower or a leaf from this wreath as a memento that to-day they are scattered throughout the world.'

✻

PUBLISHING IN YUGOSLAVIA

The Yugoslav Government is one of the busiest publishing houses in the Balkans. Before the war the Serbian Government maintained an official press to which students of Balkan questions are indebted for many well-printed collections of folklore, linguistic papers, and treatises on ethnography. These were issued at very low prices, and even to-day the early prices are still maintained, as well as the excellent quality of the paper, which is something of a rarity in Balkan books published after the war.

Since the treaty of peace was signed and Serbia became the much larger state of Yugoslavia, the whole energy of the government press has been devoted to law codes, doubtless made necessary by the increased area which had come under the Government. Now, however, further reprints are to be published. New fonts of type have been cast, modeled on the Miroslav Manuscript of the Gospels. The first works to be published will be a reprint of the Serbian folk tales collected by Vuk Stefanovich Karadzhich, the Serbian Grimm, and a new edition of the works of the Montenegrin Bishop-Prince Peter Negosh.

✻

THE W. H. HUDSON BIRD-SANCTUARY

In memory of W. H. Hudson a new bird-sanctuary is to be established in Hyde Park, London. The inevitable marble will be replaced by an Epstein frieze of Portland stone, representing Rima, the half-human, half-elemental sprite of *Green Mansions*, which will be placed at the back of the sanctuary where a shrubby bank, already the haunt of willow wrens, curves from the Serpentine. The frieze will have a yew hedge on each side and a narrow strip of water in front, shallow enough to serve as a birds' bath.

The memorial is peculiarly appropriate because Hudson, who in his boyhood knew all the freedom of the pampas, was in his later years almost a prisoner in London and carried out some of his most interesting studies either in the city itself or in the country near it. In spite of this handicap Hudson contrived to find a surprising amount of wild life still holding its own within the largest city in the world.

The lawns, hedges, trees, and water supply of the new sanctuary are expected to induce more birds to make their homes in London. As a writer in the *Observer* says: 'To have his memory praised by a perpetual choir in such *Green Mansions* is, of all types of immortality, that which Hudson himself would have counted most blessed.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Dædalus, or Science and the Future, by J. B. S. Haldane. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Dutton, 1924.

Icarus, or The Future of Science, by Bertrand Russell. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Dutton, 1924.

[Leonard Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

DÆDALUS may be taken as the first scientist; he represents the optimism of science. He invented flying, but his son Icarus used the wings in his own way, fell into the Icarian Sea, and was drowned. The titles on these books of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Russell indicate not only the subject which they are treating but the general outlook of the authors. Mr. Haldane does not ignore the possibility that the world may suffer collectively the fate of Icarus, that mankind will use its new powers for its own destruction. But fundamentally he is an optimist, as may be seen from his statement: 'I believe that the progress of science will ultimately make industrial injustice as self-destructive as it is now making international injustice.'

The turn of the sentence is characteristic: Mr. Haldane sees, not mankind, but injustice, destroying itself. And so, when he looks into the future, he gives us an extraordinarily interesting and imaginative sketch of the new discoveries which may be expected and the use which they may be put to in order to increase human happiness. His vision includes the solution of the power question by harnessing the winds in rows of metallic windmills, the solution of the food problem by the invention of a purple alga which will enormously increase the yield of crops, and the tremendous effect of 'ectogenesis' upon human psychology and social life. But what to me is even more interesting is his theory that Einstein's discovery will have important effects upon practical life, since for a few centuries 'many practical activities will probably be conducted on a basis, not of materialism, but of Kantian idealism.'

'Whether, in the end, science will prove to have been a blessing or a curse to mankind, is to my mind still a doubtful question,' writes Mr. Russell on the third page of his book. At the end of his book I am left with the impression that his doubt is philosophic, and that as a practical man he would lay heavy odds on science proving to be a curse. Icarus gave him his title, and he cannot forget Icarus's fate. . . .

The truth in this view is, in fact, not ignored by Dædalus and Mr. Haldane, who admit the evils and injustices produced by industrialism and nationalism, but Mr. Haldane is an optimist because he believes that science makes these injustices so intolerable that mankind will be driven to destroy them. Mr. Russell sees no reason for indulging in this hope, and he remains an Icarian and a pessimist. It is not for me to give a casting vote.

[*New Statesman*]

WHY Mr. Bertrand Russell should have called this short essay 'The Future of Science,' or indeed why he should have taken the trouble to write it at all, we do not understand. The preceding book in this series — Mr. J. B. S. Haldane's *Dædalus* — was not very profound, nor, except in a purely popular sense, very suggestive; but in every respect it was superior to these thin and spiteful politico-economic anticipations of Mr. Russell's. Mr. Haldane had at least something he wanted to say and said it well, but Mr. Russell has nothing at all to say. Of this he seems himself to have been aware, for in his concluding section he anticipates the inevitable mental criticism of the reader in words upon which we need not attempt to improve: 'It may seem as though I had been at once gloomy and frivolous.' That exactly describes his essay, with only the addendum that it is more frivolous than gloomy, and more like a display of dyspeptic anti-everythingism than an essay in serious speculative thought.

It scarcely refers to science, and in the rare passages where it does it reduces science to an absurdity. Thus, after mentioning the extraordinarily interesting work that has been done during the past decade on the functions of the endocrine glands and their relation to certain temperamental conditions, Mr. Russell avers that 'it is scarcely possible to doubt' that 'physiology will in time find ways of controlling emotion' — anger, love, fear, ambition, and all the rest of them. The future — probably world-wide — State he suggests will have an army of State doctors who will inject all citizens with glandular preparations which will make them obedient anti-Socialists.

The worst of it is that we are not quite sure whether he is clumsily trying to pull our legs, or whether he is really himself suffering from that confusion of thought which is apt to overtake common mortals when they dwell upon the possibilities of 'scientific' discoveries which are outside their own sphere of knowledge. Either supposition is credible in the case of Mr. Russell, but whichever be true, it seems to us a pity that a man of his eminence, unless he wishes to be

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taken for a mere *farceur*, should allow such shallow rubbish to be published over the name of a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Beethoven's Symphonies, by Edwin Evans. London: William Reeves (83 Charing Cross Road), 1924.

[*Life and Letters*]

Mr. Edwin Evans (senior) has made a notable addition to his literary works by publishing a complete analysis of Beethoven's Symphonies. The work is in two volumes, the first containing Symphonies 1 to 5. The book is designed to interest the 'cursory reader,' and to satisfy the 'earnest student.' To illustrate the detail with which each movement is treated, it is sufficient to mention that for the First Symphony no less than fifty musical examples of themes and phrases are given. Mr. Evans uses the German term *Durchführung* throughout — this is unnecessary, since it is clear that an English equivalent can be found. The author quotes liberally from the writings of Berlioz, Parry, and Grove, and keeps his reader's interest alive by his own enthusiasm for 'The Immortal Nine.' We wonder what he would have to say to a certain prominent London critic who is of the opinion that music came to a stop with Mozart, went astray for a hundred years, and recovered itself with the advent of Debussy!

Une vie de cité: Paris de sa naissance à nos jours, by Marcel Poëte. Vol. I. *La jeunesse des origines aux temps modernes*. Paris: Picard, 1924.

[George Huisman in *La Revue de France*]

It is not a history of Paris, but the life of Paris through the centuries that M. Poëte has undertaken to reconstruct, comparing the city to a human organism like those American geographers who regard rivers as either young people or old ones. M. Poëte permits us to behold the creation of the city, its first steps and its growth. His reconstruction is picturesque and is supported by innumerable documents drawn from the archives and from mediæval literature. It is interesting to see how the favorable position of Paris on the banks of the Seine, at the point of juncture of the roads connecting northern and southern France, has contributed to the rapid progress of La Cité. . . .

La Cité was the true cradle of the capital. The palace of the Roman emperors and the pagan temples were distant ancestors of the palace of the Merovingian and the Capetian Kings, which has since become the Palais de Justice, and also of the cathedrals. The left bank, though thickly populated during the Gallo-Roman period, was deserted during the barbarian invasions, and did not recover its inhabitants till the time when the monasteries protected by the first Capets attracted the earliest artisans and later the students. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages it remained the learned bank. The right bank, on the other hand, was always commercial and the last to be populated. It remained marshy and unhospitable for a long time. In the twelfth century great monasteries were erected there, but its prosperity came thanks to the Halles, which were well patronized, and to the neighboring Foire de St. Denis.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century these fundamental characteristics of Paris were not modified. Some business men may have been able to settle in La Cité or on the left bank. Monasteries, for lack of a better place, were established on the right bank. Nevertheless, the left bank remained the place for students and the right for merchants. The population increased. The narrow limits that Philippe-Auguste assigned to the capital were overstepped. After the disasters of the Hundred Years' War the damage wrought by the invasions was quickly repaired. By the sixteenth century Paris had become a gigantic city. 'It is a whole world,' as Charles the Fifth said of it in amazement.

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